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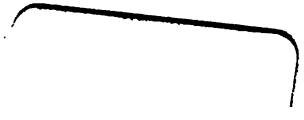
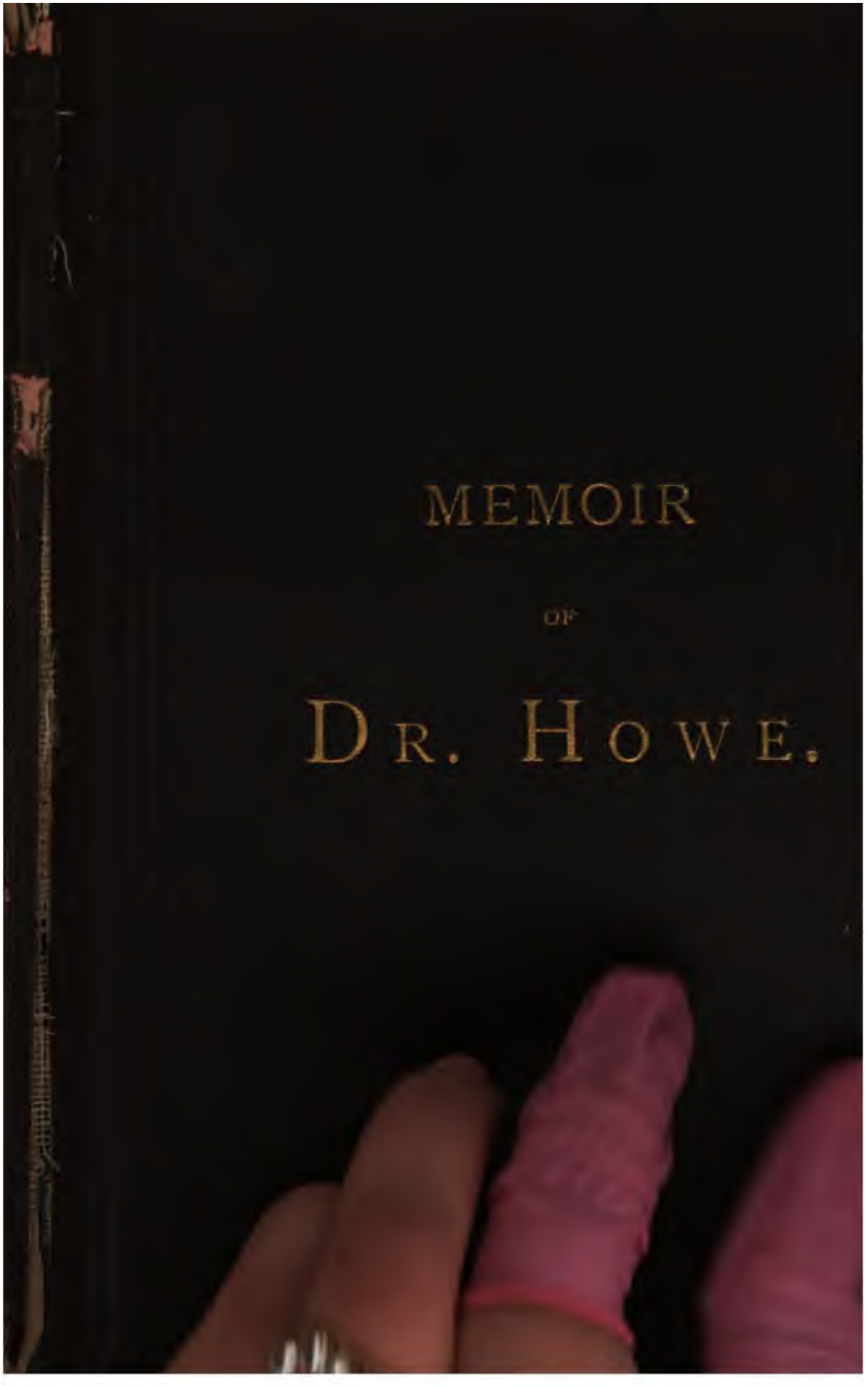
MEMOIR

OF

DR. HOWE.

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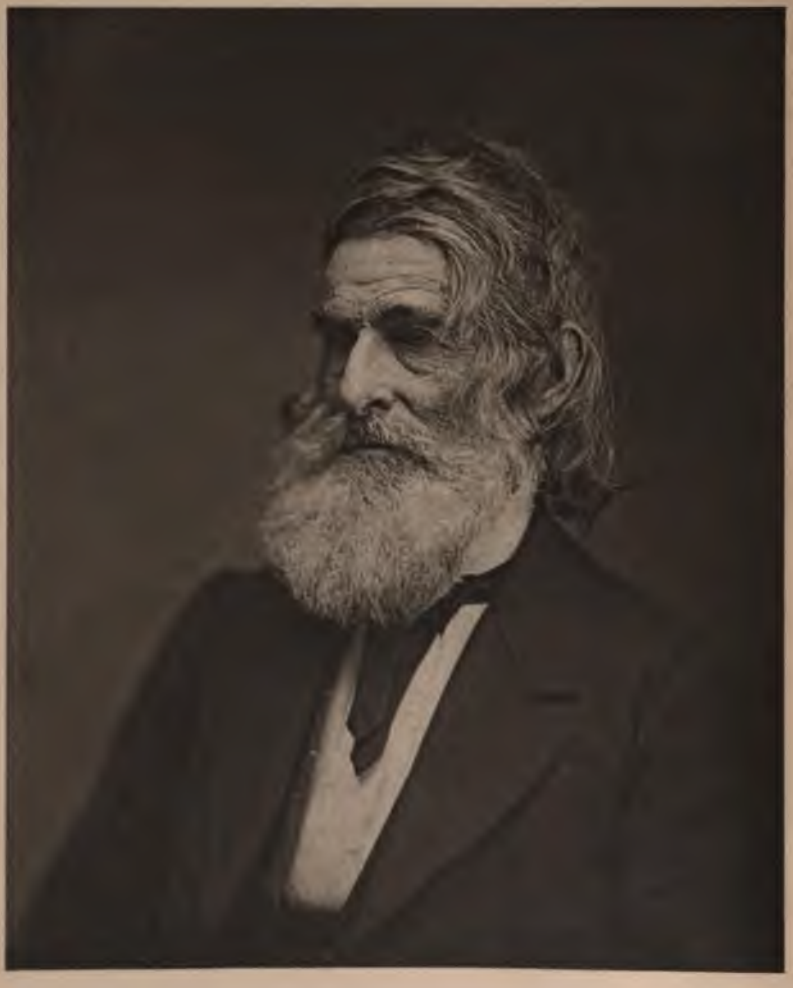
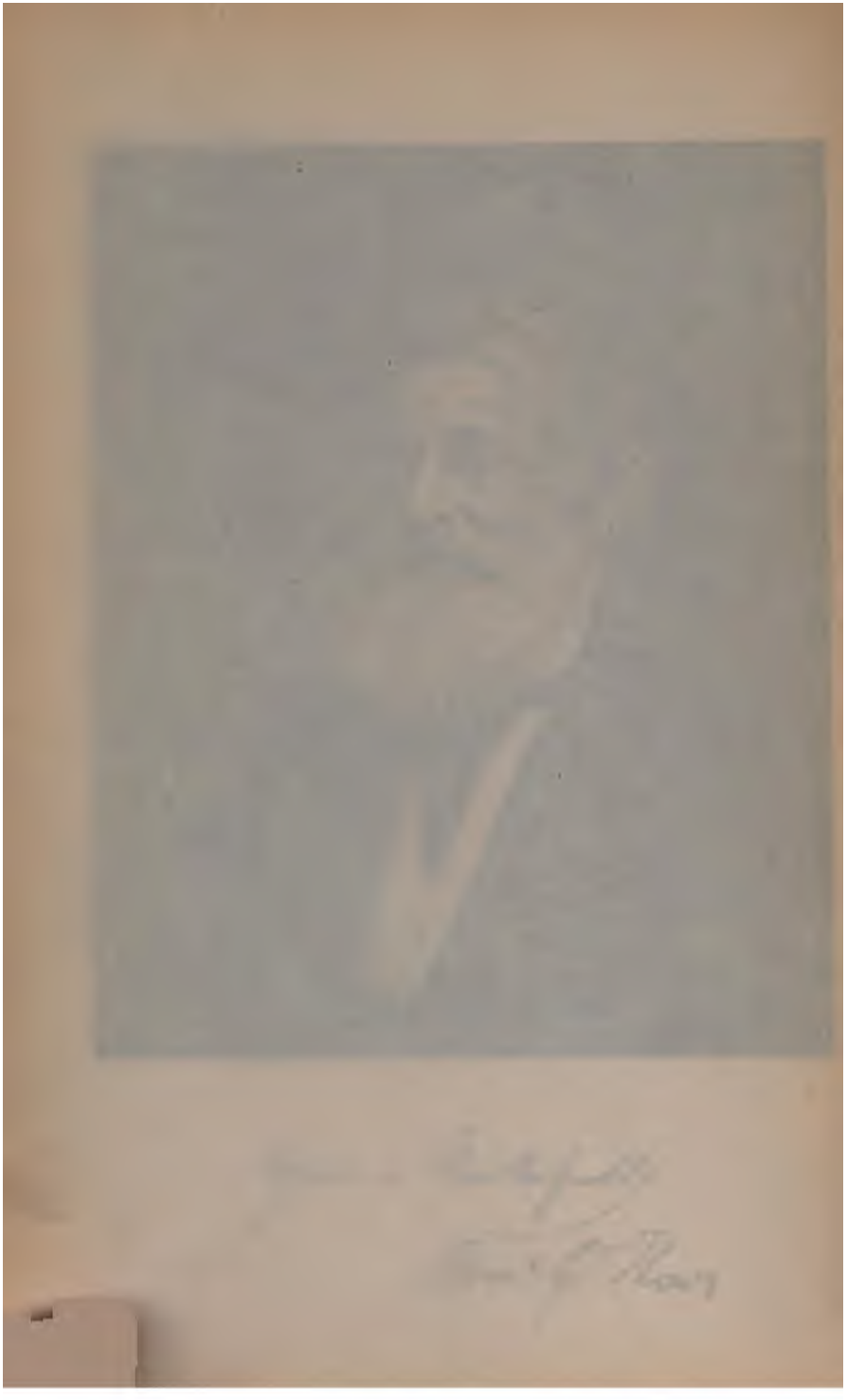


Yours Faithfully

Sam.l G. Howe



MEMOIR

OF

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE:

WITH OTHER MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

PUBLISHED BY THE HOWE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

BOSTON:
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PREFACE.

The Howe Memorial Committee, appointed in January, 1876, to render funeral honors to the eminent philanthropist, Dr. S. G. Howe, and to provide some appropriate memorial of his life and character, have in part performed that duty, and now offer to the public this little volume as the record thereof. A volume with the same contents is going through the press of the Perkins Institution at South Boston, for the use of the Blind,—not only the immediate pupils of Dr. Howe, but those in other parts of America and Europe, who will value even this brief sketch of their friend and benefactor. The Memoir has been prepared by Mrs. Howe, at the request of the Committee; and Mr. Anagnos, the son-in-law and successor of Dr. Howe, has directed the printing of the edition in raised letters

for the Blind. The heliotype portrait of Dr. HOWE, facing the title-page, is from a photograph by A. Marshall of Boston, and represents our old friend at the age of seventy-two. No earlier portrait is believed to give so well the characteristic traits of Dr. HOWE, who preserved, even in age and illness, the energetic qualities that gave him distinction.

The Committee (whose names will be found on page 66) raised by subscription, chiefly in Dr. HOWE's native city of Boston, the sum of $1,500 to defray the expenses of the Memorial Services, and of the volumes. Other contributions have been added, sufficient to meet the moderate cost of what we have undertaken to do. But it is desirable that a permanent fund should be created, to be called "The Howe Memorial Fund," from the income of which books may hereafter be printed for the use of the Blind. In order to contribute to such a fund, the Committee have fixed the price of this volume somewhat

above its cost, in the hope that those who purchase it will cheerfully give a little for the good of those to whom our illustrious friend gave so much. Any additional contributions may be sent to the Treasurer of the Committee, James Sturgis of Boston.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1876.

MEMOIR OF DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

THE object of the following pages is to present, for the benefit and instruction of the Blind, a brief memorial of one of their greatest benefactors. When any class of human beings suffers under the weight of special disadvantage or disability, the individuals composing it will rarely attain the average benefits and standard of society without the intervention of some special helpful agency. Heaven seems, under such circumstances, to raise up chivalrous friends and champions, to whom the specialty of the misfortune affords a point of interest equally special and individual. The instruction of the Blind as a class, in any of the higher branches of intellectual culture, dates only from the beginning of this century. Few of those engaged in it have had in view the possibility of raising the Blind to the level of intelligent self-reliance and self-support. In France and in England, where the earliest efforts were made for their instruction, it was scarcely imagined that they could become self-supporting. Much of what was done in their behalf had the air of a charity undertaken for the relief of a pauper class.

Dr. Howe's view of the Blind, and of their capacities, differed widely from that generally received in the days of his earlier labors. His ingenious mind easily saw that in a number of pursuits they might be trained to compete with seeing people. In judging of his work, it must always be borne in mind that he started upon this equal and even plane of human right and obligation. He assumed that the State owed to the Blind an education as availing as that provided for its seeing citizens. And he had faith, at the same time, that this education, if properly given, would make the same return to the State that its common education makes, by enabling an important class of its citizens to aspire to the rewards of industry and the dignity of independence.

This great and good man was born in Pleasant Street, Boston, November 10, 1801. He was the third child of Joseph N. Howe and Patty Gridley. His father was a ship-owner and a manufacturer of ropes and cordage, which he furnished in large quantities, mostly on credit, to the United States Government during the war of 1812. The failure of the Government to acquit this indebtedness had much to do with the business reverses which, at a later day, deprived Mr. Howe of the greater part of his property. Mrs. Howe was a relative of the engineer intrusted with the fortification of Bunker Hill on the night preceding the memorable battle. Dr. Howe's recollections of his childhood were full of the charm of his mother's presence and character. Mrs. Howe was one of the beautiful women of her

day, and was much esteemed for her kindness and benevolence. To her son she always remained an angel of goodness and of protection.

On one occasion the little fellow, always bold and adventurous, fell from a floating cake of ice into the waters of the Back Bay, and narrowly escaped drowning. He was brought dripping into his father's place of business. "Go home, and tell your mother to whip you," was that parent's sentence. "I ran home," the Doctor used to say, "but my mother did not whip me." Whenever he related this little incident, the tone of his voice expressed a sense of the safety and sweetness of that mother's love, which the passage of years and the scenes of a life crowded with interest had been powerless to efface.

Samuel Howe was early a pupil at the Boston Latin School, of whose rough manners and discipline he always retained a vivid recollection. Of Mr. Gould, the then Principal of the school, he used to relate that, having once caught him in some offence, the master proceeded to correct him severely with a ferule, saying, at the same time, that he would force him to shed tears. The little boy at first resisted by a simple effort of will. When the pain of the blows became extreme, his excitement and indignation became so great, that the tears refused to flow, and the poor little hand was beaten almost to a jelly.

On another occasion, a great political excitement prevailing in the city communicated itself to the pupils of the school. The children, then as now,

adopted without question the views of their parents. All but two were Federalists, and these two were threatened with summary violence unless they would recant their profession of faith. One of the children submitted to the pressure of numbers; but little Sam Howe manfully stood his ground, and was hurried to the head of the stairs and thrown down headlong, this time with no interference on the part of the Principal.

Dr. Howe entered Brown University, at Providence, in the year 1818, and the seventeenth year of his age.

When Dr. Caswell, ex-President of this College, and a classmate of the Doctor's, essayed to speak of his college life on the occasion of the Howe memorial service, it will be remembered by those present that he at first hesitated, then smiled, and finally was obliged to own that what he had to tell related in great part to deeds of boyish mischief. He spoke of the Doctor's lithe, active figure, quick mind, and energetic temperament, but was forced to say that the young man's exercise of his faculties was often such as to give great trouble to those charged with his education. This statement was not made without much suppressed amusement on the part of the speaker, in whose feelings the audience fully sympathized.

The academic curriculum had not, in itself, much interest for one so brimming over with the vitality of youth, and from the first disposed to take so active a part in practical life as the subject of this memoir. The very character of his youthful ex-

travagances shows this tendency. Practical jokes were his passion, and in devising and executing them he displayed much of the spirit and ingenuity which made his riper years remarkable. Many of his feats were daring, some of them difficult. He it was who, aided by willing friends, forced the President's horse to the upper story of one of the college buildings, where he was discovered with amazement some days later. Yet his attainments, even in those days of frolic, were respectable. His mind was keen, speculative, and active. He was early a lover of literature, and especially of poetry, with which his memory was well stored. On one occasion he officiated as the poet of his class, and produced a composition of some length, on a subject taken from Hebrew history. Of this performance he sometimes spoke in after life with humorous recollection.

Dr. Howe in later years recalled with pain the time and opportunities wasted, or appearing to have been wasted, by him in youth. Like many in similar circumstances, he thought the faults of his academic career not wholly his own. He did not recognize, in his remembrance of it, any direct personal influence leading him to the best use of his powers, or to that enthusiasm for beautiful and noble things of which he must surely, even at that thoughtless age, have been capable. However this may have been, the splendor and solidity of his manhood make us sure that much latent good was conveyed in the education which he considered so imperfect. To judge by what he retained of it in

later life, the drill of Brown University, though dry, must have been thorough. Dr. Howe was particularly well grounded in Latin. His use of his own language was clear, pure, and forcible, and his taste in literature correct and careful. If we add to these accomplishments that of a systematic and industrious habit of life, which he retained until its very end, we shall be led to conclude that his alma mater was no careless nurse, even for a youth of so much fire and adventure.

Dr. Howe graduated in the year 1821, and soon after returned to his native city, to devote himself to the study of medicine, Dr. Ingalls, Dr. Parkman, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, and Dr. John C. Warren were his principal instructors. He seems to have applied himself to this pursuit with ardor, and in due course of time was qualified to exercise the healing art, and admitted to the practice of medicine. During his years of study, he had undergone an experience very common with medical students; viz., that of supposing himself to be affected in turn by many of the diseases with whose symptoms he became acquainted. He was not destined, however, to swell the ranks of the practising physicians of Boston. The romance of his character was soon to call him in another direction, leading him to delights and dangers congenial to his chivalrous nature.

The Greek Revolution was now well begun, and the light of a national resurrection streamed across the wide continent and wider ocean, and set young America on fire with its blaze. A strong and gen-

erous impulse moved Dr. Howe to forsake the prospects opening to him in his own country, and to throw his youthful energies into the scale of the oppressed race, struggling single-handed against a wide-spread and powerful barbarism which, up to that time, counted the states of Europe as its allies. The example of Lord Byron had given a high poetic sanction to the crusade of the philhellenes, and this, no doubt, had its weight with our young hero, who was a passionate admirer of the English bard. But the same enthusiasm for human freedom, the same zeal for human deliverance, appearing in every important act of his later life, attests the originality and fervor of his philanthropic inspiration.

Dr. Howe found in those about him little encouragement for an undertaking so new and unaccustomed. He used to mention Gilbert Stuart, the distinguished painter, with gratitude, as almost the only friend of those days who bade him Godspeed on his errand of mercy. Strong, however, in his own conviction and intention, he embarked on board a brig bound for the Mediterranean, and, landing at Malta, took passage in an Austrian vessel to Napoli de Monembasia, in Peloponnesus. From this place, he succeeded in pushing his way to the headquarters of the provincial government, assisted only by a letter of introduction from Edward Everett to a Greek acquaintance of his, formerly resident in Germany. Of this period, Dr. Howe writes:—

"In the winter, the much-dreaded expedition of Ibrahim Pacha, with the Egyptian army, landed at Molon. Attempts were made by the Greek government to get up an army to oppose them, and Mavrocordato accepted my offer to go with them as surgeon. The President and Mavrocordato came to the south of Peloponnesus with such forces as they could raise. At first there was an attempt to organize the army, and I attempted to create hospitals and to organize ambulances for the wounded. But after the capture of Navarino by the Turks, everything was thrown into confusion. Mavrocordato fled to Napoli. The dark day of Greece had come. All regular opposition of the Greeks was overcome. The Turks advanced fiercely and rapidly up the Peloponnesus. I joined one of the small guerilla bands that hung about the enemy, doing all the harm they could. I could be of little or no use as surgeon, and was expected to divide my attention between killing Turks, helping Greeks, and taking care of myself.

"I was naturally very handy, active, and tough, and soon became equal to any of the mountain soldiery in capacity for endurance of fatigue, hunger, and watchfulness. I could carry my gun and heavy belt with yatagan and pistols all day long, clambering among the mountain passes, could eat sorrel and snails, or go without anything, and at night lie down on the ground with only my shaggy capote, and sleep like a log."

Dr. Howe's acquaintance with the Greek classics did not at once introduce him to the language of the modern Greeks. He lived among them for weeks, and even months, without understanding a word of their speech. He used to confess, with some amusement, that the first phrase which he understood was one referring to himself. "What a

handsome youth!" said an old chief to his companion, as they lay stretched upon the ground in an interval of repose; "*ti eumorphon paidi!*" His personal beauty, at this time, is said to have been remarkable.

The ranks of the philhellenes of that day exhibited a motley variety of motive and character. Enthusiasts, adventurers, soldiers, Bohemians,—men of high character and purpose,—and with them some of those chronic malcontents of society, to whom every upturning of established usages promises to be welcome.

Dr. Howe was no holiday soldier. When he threw his fresh youth into the wavering scale of human freedom, he had counted the cost and foreseen the outlay. As he had joined the Greeks in the character of a true champion, so in later life it never became his office to revile or undervalue them. Many of those who sought to aid them expected to find in them a people exceptionally wise and noble. But centuries of a barbarous rule had depressed and degraded them. They had many of the characteristics of children and of slaves. Dr. Howe considered them a race endowed with great intelligence, and averse to coarse and sensual indulgence. Going step by step with them through their heroic struggle, he formed a hero's estimate of a people outraged and oppressed, who had, after long enforced endurance, at last found means to vindicate their claim to national existence.

The experience of those years of unceasing warfare, as briefly recounted from time to time by Dr.

Howe, reminded one of Paul's synopsis of his years of trial. "In journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness." In the beleaguered city, fiery death without the walls, famine and fever within. On the battle-field, with comrades falling around him. On the deck of the war-ship, amid the roar of cannon. On the march and beside the camp-fire with the little Greek army, hunted from one fastness to another, poorly armed and worse provisioned, but undaunted and indomitable. Like the rest, he fed poorly or fasted. Like them, he slept upon the ground. But their fight was his fight, only because it was the fight of humanity.

In the neighborhood of Mycenæ, the writer visited with Dr. Howe, in 1867, a curious Cyclopean cave, in which he told her that he had often sought a refuge from inclement weather. The severity of the exposure which he underwent at length resulted in a serious attack of malarial fever, whose poison lingered long in his robust system, and took effect in later years in the form of severe headaches.

If romance and adventure had been the only attractions of this savage campaign, we may fairly suppose that its excitements would soon have palled upon the taste of the young American, accustomed to the refined habits and intercourse of civilization. But in his case, the zeal which prompted the first effort ripened into the persistence which alone could make it availing. He was to be something more to

the Greeks than a gallant lance or a waving plume, and his aid and counsel grew in value with every year which passed and found him still in their service.

After six years spent amid the vicissitudes of war, it became evident to Dr. Howe that the Greeks would be overcome by starvation, unless prompt relief could at once be afforded them. To obtain this, he returned to America, and began, as he used to say, to preach a crusade in their favor. Though never especially given to oratory, he must have carried into this mission the eloquence of zeal and conviction. His fervid pleadings awoke a generous response in the hearts of his countrymen. The purse-strings of wealthy citizens were unloosed. Ladies contributed their spare garments, and children their toys, to swell the tribute of the new civilization to the old. The sum collected on this occasion amounted to some sixty thousand dollars, —a sum representing a much greater value in those days than in these. A great amount of clothing was also contributed. Dr. Howe invested the greater part of the money obtained in provisions, of which the progress of the war had made the Greeks nearly destitute. The constant demand made upon the able-bodied men of the country for military service had left but a small remnant to fulfil the offices of commerce and agriculture, and the perpetual wasting of fire and sword made even the labors of these few unavailing. The aid brought from America was most carefully distributed by Dr. Howe. On one occasion, he was visited by an

agent who had applied to his own use some of the clothing sent for the suffering Greeks. The Doctor was filled with indignation at the sight of the stolen apparel, and reproved the culprit severely for his peculation. Finally, as the latter became insolent, Dr. Howe tore the clothing from the body of his visitor, and turned him naked into the street.

A great number of Greek families having taken refuge in and near Egina, Dr. Howe established at that place a main depot for the distribution of clothing and provisions. As all these people were without work, he commenced the building of a mole whose construction gave occupation to great numbers of men, women, and children. The stones for this work were taken, ready hewn, from the foundations of a ruined temple in the neighborhood. The quay, a beautiful one, is still standing, and is called the American Mole.

Somewhat later, Dr. Howe applied to the Greek government for the grant of a large tract of land upon the isthmus of Corinth, where he proposed to establish a colony of exiles. The land was given him, and the first cottages were soon built. He says of this undertaking: "The government granted ten thousand *stremmata* of land, to be free from taxes for five years; but they could not give me much practical help. I was obliged to do everything, and had only the supplies sent out by the American committee to aid me. The colonists, however, coöperated, and everything went on finely. We got cattle and tools, ploughed and prepared the earth, got up a school-house and a church. In one

of my journeyings, I found a sick straggler,—a deserter, probably, from the French army,—who was by trade a wheelwright. After curing him, I got him to build a cart, and it was such a marvel that the peasantry flocked from all the neighboring districts to see it, having never seen a wheeled vehicle before."

Dr. Howe published, in 1828, a work entitled "A History of the Greek Revolution." This book, though rarely met with in these days, was received with much interest at that time. It is valuable to-day as a concise and graphic narrative of events, in some of which the historian had a part, and of all of which he possessed the knowledge of one near to the scene of action. Even after reading Mr. Finlay's finished pages, one can take up Dr. Howe's recital with interest. The force and spirit of the author are felt throughout, and he adds to the fervor of youth the rarer merit of a calm and dispassionate judgment.

Dr. Howe now returned to his native country, to find there a new object of interest destined to claim the longest and most continuous service of his life. A friend of his, Dr. John D. Fisher, of Boston, had recently returned from Paris much impressed with the education of the Blind as pursued in that city in the schools founded by the Abbé Haüy. He conferred with Dr. Howe upon this subject, and his representations had, no doubt, much weight in the resolution adopted by the latter of visiting Paris once more, with a view of making himself master of the methods of instruction already adopted

in that city. This intention was carried into effect in 1830, and our hero, already accustomed to bear a part in the battles of freedom, soon found himself upon the field of the revolution which brought Louis Philippe of Orleans to the throne of France. This revolution, known as that of the Three Days, needed no help from foreign hands. Lafayette, seeing the young American about to expose himself to danger, is said to have admonished him gravely, saying, "Young man, reserve yourself for the needs of your own country,—this is *our* battle." But Lafayette, a little later, found in his young friend an able coadjutor in a task of some difficulty, and attended with graver peril.

The Polish nation were, at this time, in revolt against their Russian masters, and the friends of freedom throughout the world regarded their struggle for independence with great interest. Considerable supplies of money and clothing were sent from America for their benefit. These contributions were consigned to Gen. Lafayette, in Paris, to be employed as he should see fit. More than one fruitless effort had been made to send the needed aid across the Prussian frontier, within which a large body of the insurgents, driven over their own border, had taken refuge, holding at bay a *cordon* of Prussian soldiers by whom they had been treacherously surrounded.

Dr. Howe was, at this time, about to visit Berlin, in order to inspect the school for the Blind founded in that city by the Abbé Haüy, some twenty-five years earlier. At the request of Gen. Lafayette,

he became the bearer of the gifts of American sympathy to those who were sorely in need of such assistance. Having accomplished this mission, which, for a time, revived the sinking hearts of the brave patriots, he proceeded to Berlin, where he was arrested at his hotel on the very night of his arrival. At midnight, a knock was heard at the door of his room. He opened it, and saw three emissaries of the police, who, disguised as citizens, and commanding the stranger to come with them, presently answered his demands by showing their badges of office beneath their plain attire. After some parley, he persuaded them to leave him in peace until the following morning, giving his word of honor that he would then accompany them without resistance. The remainder of the night was employed by him in disposing of the papers which would have implicated others in his perilous undertaking. The ingenuity of his college days here stood him in stead. Having torn to shreds some unimportant letters and memoranda, he threw the fragments into a basin of water. The papers which it was important but dangerous to preserve, he concealed in the hollow part of a bust of the King of Prussia, where they remained undiscovered until a friend of his, visiting Berlin, found them by his direction.

A new experience now added itself to the already varied fortunes of the young philanthropist. He was subjected to rigorous confinement, interrupted only by vexatious and oft-repeated interrogations. He spoke in after years, though rarely, of his dark

and dismal dungeon, whose dreariness and discomfort were extreme. The worst of its features was to him the daily encounter with felons at the period allotted for breathing the outer air of the prison inclosure. The fact of his arrest and confinement was, nevertheless, a secret, and might long have remained so, but for a fortunate accident. Dr. Howe, on the day of his arrival in Berlin, had met a friend from America. This was none other than Albert Brisbane, the well-known disciple of Fourier. This gentleman, calling the next day at the hotel named on Dr. Howe's card, could find no traces of him. It was denied that any American had been there, but Mr. Brisbane, learning the visit of the police on the previous night, became suspicious of foul play, and wrote at once to the American Minister at Berlin, Hon. William C. Rives. The case was immediately investigated, and a requisition was made upon the Prussian government for the person of an American citizen, unjustly detained. After repeated denials on the one hand, and a creditable persistence on the other, the point was yielded, and Dr. Howe regained his liberty, but not until he had made a journey of six hundred miles, in a carriage with [illegible], who released him just outside the Russian frontier, with an admonition never to [illegible] again.

We have already spoken of Dr. John D. Fisher, [illegible] as the prime mover in those efforts [illegible] the welfare of the Blind which resulted in the establishment of the present Institution. In

accordance with these efforts, and greatly in consequence of them, no doubt, an appropriation for the education of the Blind was made in 1829, and the year following, a charter, incorporating the proposed institution, was obtained. The interest awakened by Dr. Fisher extended itself to several prominent citizens, and we find a letter addressed to Dr. Howe by a committee of gentlemen charged with hastening forward the commencement of operations, bearing the date of January 18, 1832, and the signatures of Edward Brooks, John D. Fisher, and John Homans. This letter, which expresses a desire for the Doctor's speedy return, and the immediate opening of the Institution, at the same time accedes to his request, that from one to three months might be granted to him for matters of private interest.

A letter from Dr. Howe to Mr. Rives, dated at Metz, April 6, 1832, gives the news of his restoration to personal liberty. Between the dates of these two letters, therefore, the adventurous expedition, the imprisonment, and the liberation must all have taken place. Dr. Howe returned to America soon after this time, and commenced the experiment of teaching the Blind. This he was obliged at first to do on a small scale. He began with three children of one family, whom he found on one of the public roads. These he taught at first at his father's house, removing subsequently to a small hired dwelling in Hollis Street, where he was visited by Horace Mann, as will be seen by the following letter from Miss E. P. Peabody :—

"When we first became acquainted with Mr. Mann, he took Mary (afterwards Mrs. Mann) and me to a small wooden house in Hollis Street, where, in the simplest surroundings, we found Dr. Howe, with the half-dozen first pupils he had picked up in the highways and by-ways. He had then been about six months at work, and had invented and laboriously executed some books with raised letters, to teach them to read, some geographical maps, and the geometrical diagrams necessary for instruction in mathematics. He had gummed twine, I think, upon cardboard, an enormous labor, to form the letters of the alphabet.

"I shall not, in all time, forget the impression made upon me by seeing the hero of the Greek Revolution, who had narrowly missed being that of the Polish Revolution also; to see this hero, I say, wholly absorbed, and applying all the energies of his genius to this apparently humble work, and doing it as Christ did, without money and without price. His own resources at this time could not have paid the expenses of his undertaking, with all the economy and self-denial he practised. The fuller purse of his friend and brother, Dr. Fisher, assisted him. Soon after our visit to him, he brought out his class for exhibition, in order to interest people and get money sufficient to carry on the work upon a larger scale. The many exhibitions given created a furor of enthusiasm, and Col. Perkins's great heart responded to the moving appeal. He now offered his fine estate in Pearl Street, a large house and grounds, for the use and benefit of the Blind, provided that the city of Boston would raise $50,000 for the same purpose. To this appeal the ladies of Boston responded by planning and holding the first fancy fair ever known in Boston. It was held in Faneuil Hall, and everybody contributed, either in money or in articles for the sale.

The net result of this fair amounted to something over $49,000."

Those who took part in this fair, and those who visited it, were wont to speak of it long afterwards as surpassingly brilliant and delightful. The beautiful young ladies and stately matrons of the Boston of that day gave it all the support which their various endowments could contribute. It was also largely visited and patronized by people from the surrounding country and towns. Prominent among the heads of tables stood Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, then in the prime of her matronly beauty, and heartily interested in the new enterprise. Many other well-known and honored names will be recalled by those familiar with the time and event. Among these, we may mention Mrs. Walter Baker of Dorchester, then Miss Eleanor Williams, Mrs. Rice and Mrs. Bates, sisters of Mrs. Otis, the beautiful Marshall sisters; in short, the most prominent ladies of the time.

Now followed for Dr. Howe years of labor, less harassing, perhaps, than the vicissitudes of the Greek campaign, but making even greater demands upon his powers of work and of endurance. In estimating this part of his career, we must not suppose that the youth and fashion of Boston were always intent upon the needs of his Institution. The romance of charity easily interests the public. Its laborious details and duties repel and weary the many, and find fitting ministers only in a few spirits of rare and untiring benevolence. Dr.

Howe, after the laurels and roses of victory, had to deal with the thorny ways of a profession, tedious, difficult, and exceptional. He was obliged to create his own working machinery, to drill and instruct his corps of teachers, himself first learning the secrets of the desired instruction. He was also obliged to keep the infant Institution fresh in the interest and good-will of the public, and to give it a place among the recognized benefactions of the Commonwealth.

All this he accomplished, but not so easily as we relate it. He superintended, moreover, every detail of the management and discipline of the Institution, which in a few years came to number one hundred pupils. He continued for a long time to be the principal instructor, and did not give up the tuition of certain classes until he had long passed the meridian of life.

From the first, his rules were simple, but strict. Early hours, cold bathing, careful diet, exercise in the open air and gymnasium,—these constituted the hygienic repertory of one whose medical studies had not inspired him with great faith in the commonly received *materia medica*. Dr. Howe's personal habits were such as to enable him, in these respects, to add the force of example to that of precept. He was always an early riser, awake and up at five in the morning. He accompanied his pupils in the morning walk which they took in winter, before the sun was up. His temperament was averse to luxury and excess, and the constant sense of difficulties to be overcome was to him an

exhilarating, not a discouraging, influence. So he and his Institution worked and waxed apace in moral weight and intellectual attainment.

A change of locality favored the growth and progress of the Institution. In the monetary reaction which followed the land speculations of the years 1834–5, a large and fine hotel was about to change hands, at a great reduction from its original cost. Dr. Howe desired to secure this building for his blind pupils. The purchase was made on advantageous terms, and Principal and pupils removed thither in the year 1839. Here the writer first saw him in the summer of 1841, but not until a new and wonderful achievement had added itself to the already remarkable record of his life.

The name of Laura Bridgman will long continue to suggest to the hearer one of the most brilliant exploits of philanthropy, modern or ancient. Much of the good that good men do soon passes out of the remembrance of busy generations, each succeeding to each, with its own special inheritance of labor and interest. But it will be long before the world shall forget the courage and patience of the man who, in the very bloom of his manhood, sat down to besiege this almost impenetrable fortress of darkness and isolation, and, after months of labor, carried within its walls the divine conquest of life and of thought.

In his forty-third and last report of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, Dr. Howe briefly but explicitly narrates the circumstances immediately preceding and following the coming of Laura

Bridgman to the Asylum. He tells us that, as the methods of instructing the Blind and Deaf-Mutes became familiar to him, his mind dwelt with peculiar interest upon the question, whether, in the case, sometimes occurring, of the conjunction of these misfortunes in one person, any combination of these methods could be made to meet the needs of the twofold privation. He desired an opportunity of testing this question, and, in process of time, found one. As if in answer to this prophetic forecast, he received intelligence, in the year 1837, of the existence, in a village of New Hampshire, of a little girl who was blind and deaf, and very deficient even in the sense of smell. He immediately resolved to visit the place, and, arriving there, found Laura, an active, restless child, six years of age, having been born with all her senses, but having been deprived of three of them in infancy by an attack of scarlet fever. Her father was a respectable farmer, and her mother a woman of remarkable energy. Through the influence of Dr. Howe, upon the latter chiefly, the two parents were induced to part with their child for a time, in order that the momentous experiment of her education might begin.

In the report to which we have already alluded, Dr. Howe has given an interesting statement of the steps by which he first sought to reach this imprisoned intellect. Of this we can only briefly recount the outline. He says, that, after some simple gymnastic exercises, intended to teach her the use of her limbs and muscles, his first effort

necessarily was to teach her the elements of written language, those of living speech being beyond her power of attainment.

To this end, he formed, every day, on the palm of her hand, some of the letters of the finger alphabet, combined in the shortest monosyllabic words. He chose especially the words "pin" and "pen," giving her each article as often as he formed in her hand the letters of its name. After countless repetitions of these letters, she at length perceived the difference between the central letters of the two words, and would take up the pen when the letters indicating it were formed for her, making these letters herself, when the pen itself was presented to her. She soon learned also to make the signs for the other article, the pin. On discovering the fact of this twofold representation of things by signs, she smiled, as if suddenly aware of a truth unguessed before, while her instructor exclaimed, "*Eureka! Eureka!*" He had found the entrance to her mind, and she had found the introduction to the whole structure of language.

Tedious and difficult as the education of Laura Bridgman must have been, one may surely envy Dr. Howe the sublime joy of revealing the outer universe of space and life, and the inner world of thought, to this child, destined to awaken so keen an interest throughout the civilized world. We are told that Christ gave thanks to God because his truth had been revealed to babes. Dr. Howe surely shared this devout thankfulness when he saw the light of thought and of civilization enter the

mind of one who had seemed destined to remain not only in darkness, but also in that mental solitude which is worse than the shadow of death.

The first conditions of intercourse being fulfilled, the mind of the little pupil unfolded rapidly. She walked joyously beside her teacher "*haud passibus æquis*," and soon showed, with her increasing vocabulary, the natural adaptation of the human mind to the methods of thought, which are its eternal possession and inheritance. "Do horses sit up late?" she inquires, before she learns the difference between horse life and human life. When she is apprized of the death of one of her companions at the Asylum, she asks, "What has become of Orrin's *think*?" By and by she desires to know who made the world, and the living beings in it. Her instructor then teaches her the faith and love which his own life so nobly exemplifies.

The history of Laura Bridgman cannot be given in these pages. The steps of her wonderful progress are traced by Dr. Howe in the annual reports of the Blind Asylum, which continued for many years to interest the public, far and near, in her fate and personality. These records made many friends for her, but her introduction to the acquaintance of the general public was made through the instrumentality of one illustrious in literature, the late Charles Dickens. When Mr. Dickens first visited America, in the full bloom of his great popularity, he passed some memorable hours at the Institution for the Blind. The pathos of Laura's case, and the wonder of her enlightenment, made a

deep impression upon him, and he, who had two hemispheres for his audience, told her story in his admirable style, and gave her a place in the sympathy of Christendom.

In the year 1841, the writer of this Memoir had her attention called, by Charles Sumner and Professor Felton, to the reports already published by Dr. Howe, recounting the beginnings of Laura's education, and the gradual development of her intelligence. The perusal of these documents naturally resulted in a visit to the Institution at South Boston, and a beginning of acquaintance with the remarkable man who was at once its head and its living heart. Laura was then a child of twelve, and sat at her desk with a vivacious countenance, occupied with some lesson in raised letters. Near her sat Lucy Read, a girl somewhat older, from a country town in Vermont, afflicted with the same total privation of sight and of hearing. Laura seemed from time to time to assist Lucy in understanding some lesson like those she herself had so recently learned. She talked rapidly with her fingers, and every now and then a beautiful smile would light up the countenance of her companion.

This young girl had been so wild and shy in her habits as to cover her head and face with a bag made of cotton cloth. When we saw her, the delicacy of her complexion still showed the effects of this seclusion from light and air. Poor Lucy's education was not, however, destined to be completed. Her mother, in ignorant and selfish fondness, soon insisted upon her return home, where

she must have led the life of privation and isolation from which Laura became in so great a degree emancipated.

The acquaintance above mentioned ripened into a good-will which led to a marriage between Dr. Howe and the writer of this Memoir, which took place on the 27th of April, 1843. One week later, the newly married pair started on a tour which was planned to include the points of greatest interest in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe.

Dr. Howe's bridal journey was made under circumstances of peculiar interest. Almost simultaneously with himself, his dear friend, Horace Mann, had taken a partner for life, and the voyage to Europe was made by the two couples in the same steamer. On arriving in England, they occupied for a time the same lodgings, and many of their visits to public institutions were made in company. I remember among these many workhouses, schools, and prisons. The establishment at Pentonville was then new, and in great favor. The Duke of Richmond and Viscount Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle, were of our party on the day of our visiting the prison. On another occasion, Mr. Dickens accompanied us to Westminster Bridewell, where the treadmill was then in full operation. He appeared much affected at the sight of the unfortunate inmates, and exclaimed in Dr. Howe's hearing, "I cannot blame a woman for killing her own child, if she sees that he will become such a man as one of these." I have already said that the narrative of Mr. Dickens

had made the case of Laura Bridgman generally known in England and on the Continent. As a consequence of this, on the occasion of this visit, Dr. Howe became the object of the most gratifying attentions from people foremost in standing and desert. Thomas Carlyle called upon him soon after his arrival in London, and in the course of conversation expressed his amusement at Laura's question about the hours kept by horses. Sydney Smith spoke of Dr. Howe as a second Prometheus. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes), the Marquis of Lansdowne, Basil Montagu, and the poet Rogers were among the pleasant acquaintances made at this epoch. The Doctor was often called upon to recount the steps by which he had led an imprisoned soul from darkness into light.

Dr. Howe, as the companion of those days can testify, kept in these new surroundings his own quiet dignity and modesty. In the highest company, one felt his height above that of other men. And this was shown in his judgment of men and of things, in his true kindness and geniality, and in his transparent simplicity and truthfulness. The presence and praise of people of rank neither uplifted nor abashed him. The humanity which he respected in himself he regarded equally in others, but the fact itself, not its adventitious trappings, claimed his service and homage.

On leaving London, we parted for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Mann, but subsequently rejoined them in Germany, where we travelled with them

for some weeks. Meantime, however, we had visited the lake region of England, the picturesque mountains of Wales, and had taken a hurried but delightful journey through Scotland and Ireland. In the latter country, the Repeal agitation was at its height. Dr. Howe took much interest in this question, and in company with him I attended a Repeal meeting held at the Dublin Corn Exchange, at which Daniel O'Connell was present. The meeting was held with the special object of acknowledging the receipt of a sum of money sent from friends in America. Dr. Howe did not make his presence known, and of course took no part in the proceedings.

In the course of the summer, Dr. Howe and Mr. Mann again parted company, the latter returning to America in the autumn, while the former, with his party, travelled through Switzerland, where, amid all the beauties of natural scenery, the claims of educational and philanthropic institutions were not forgotten. Arriving in Italy in the autumn, we proceeded, after visiting Milan and Florence, to pass the winter in Rome, where, in the month of March following, a daughter was born to us. It would be difficult to exaggerate the joy manifested by Dr. Howe on this occasion, a new and deep fountain of affection and happiness springing up in his heart to enrich the remaining years of his life.

The winter passed in Rome was one of especial interest to the newly married couple. Besides the enchantment of galleries, churches, and antiquities, the society of Rome was at that period very brilliant,

and full of interest. Dr. Howe made acquaintance with many men of learning and of merit, among others, with Monsignore Morechini, the well-known philanthropist, and with Monsignore Baggs, bishop of Pella. More congenial to him was the company of George Combe, the distinguished phrenologist, whose treatise, entitled "The Constitution of Man," Dr. Howe considered one of the greatest works of modern times; and that of Theodore Parker, already well known through his sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity." Dr. Howe had paid much attention to the study of phrenology, and, like Mr. Combe, was much interested in tracing out some confirmation of its theory in the characteristics of Greek sculpture. The two friends now visited together the gallery of the Vatican, and studied its historic heads in the light of their favorite science. They found the head of Jupiter as full of the majesty of intellect as are his features. In Pallas, the intellectual type of woman's head prevailed, while the head of Aphrodite was small, with a predominance of the organs of sensation over those of thought. The whole series of the Cæsars, too, was followed with corresponding instruction and satisfaction.

Three weeks after the birth of his little daughter, Dr. Howe made a brief visit to Greece. The child had already been baptized by Theodore Parker, and had received the name of Julia Romana.

This visit to Greece had something of the character of an ovation. The most flattering attentions were paid to the philhellene of twenty years'

standing. We have already spoken of the colony planted by him in the region called *Hexa Mili*, on the Isthmus of Corinth, soon after the conclusion of the war of Greek independence. To this spot his travels brought him, after an interval of many years. As he rode through the principal street of the village, the elder people began to take note of him, and to say one to another, "This man looks like Howe." At length they cried, "It must be Howe himself!" His horse was surrounded, and his progress stayed. A feast was immediately prepared for him in the principal house of the place, and a throng of friends, old and new, gathered around him, eager to express their joy in seeing him. This is only one of many scenes which fully attested the grateful recollection in which his services were held by the people of Greece.

Returning to Rome, Dr. Howe now turned his face homeward, after a brief visit to Naples. The summer was mostly passed in England, where he visited the venerable Dr. Fowler, of Salisbury, a man of a spirit kindred to his own. There also he made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, and, through them, of Florence Nightingale. Miss Nightingale was at that time a young lady much admired, having already given evidence of the superiority of character and of mind which has since made her name one of those best known and most honored in her own time. The bent of Miss Nightingale's mind was in the direction of what we may call philosophical philanthropy. She held many conversations with Dr. Howe upon matters of

humanitarian interest. A warm friendship sprang up between the two, and a second daughter, born during the ensuing year, was honored by bearing the name which was destined to become so illustrious.

Dr. Howe returned to America in the autumn of this year, and resumed his duties as Superintendent of the Institution for the Blind, his place having been filled as far as possible in his absence by his friend, Dr. Fisher. In the year following, he was elected a member of the Boston School Committee, and the zeal and thoroughness with which he caused the public schools of the city to be examined, were such as to occasion important reforms. Horace Mann, himself, in those days the apostle of our State Education, says, in a letter of that time, that the work accomplished in this examination "could only have been done by an angel—or Sam Howe." In common with his friend, Charles Sumner, he also took great interest in the discipline of Prisons, and was, like him, an advocate of the Separate, as opposed to the Silent, system. He was one of the founders of the Society for Aiding Discharged Convicts, and continued its president until the time of his death. A satirical production of those days presented Dr. Howe and Mr. Sumner in the light of two knights-errant of philanthropy, constantly on the look-out for some human right to vindicate, some injury to redress. Fortunate was it for the community that it possessed two such brave and disinterested champions of ideal and practical justice.

The politics of Massachusetts now gave indications of approaching changes, and the parties hitherto dividing the State began to suffer disintegration, and to seek new centres of inspiration and of action. Mr. Sumner's Oration on the "True Glory of Nations" gave a warning note which told that the old military theory that Might makes Right was soon to be put to a new and severe test. Popular feeling was divided upon this subject, and Mr. Sumner and his friends came to be considered as persons of extreme views. But still more, the slavery question, now squarely put before the people by William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, at their great personal risk and inconvenience, became the shibboleth by which the ranks of politicians were divided. The representatives of wealth and fashion in Massachusetts were largely on the side of the slaveholder. A certain habit of being cajoled by political leaders, a certain easy good-fellowship which disliked change and contest, led most of that class of citizens usually characterized as "wealthy and influential," in a direction quite opposed to the sad and thankless service of denouncing the sins of the nation. Dr. Howe, now in middle life, and fully occupied with his professional duties, was not eager to enter upon a new conflict for conflict's sake. Yet between the two parties, of which one espoused and the other opposed the cause of universal freedom, there was no doubt as to which must claim his adherence. He soon saw that a new classification of the convictions of the Commonwealth was inevitable, and

lent his ready aid in the task of guiding and shaping this classification. He was warmly interested in the election, first of Dr. Palfrey, and then of Horace Mann, to the National Congress, as well as in the whole series of events which preceded and followed the election of Charles Sumner to the Senate of the United States.

From this more public and stirring theme I must turn back, to take a retrospective view of the professional labors which occupied Dr. Howe during the period between his return from Europe in 1844 and the election of Mr. Sumner in 1851. First among these, in addition to those already spoken of, we may mention the multiplication of books for the Blind, and the improvement of the characters used in these books. Dr. Howe was not the inventor of the raised letters, which have made reading by the sense of touch possible to blind persons. He found these letters already invented by the Abbé Haüy. But he improved so much upon the type already in use, as greatly to facilitate the printing of books for the Blind. He devoted much study to this object, and after various experiments, succeeded in devising the angular type at present in use in the press of the Massachusetts Institution. To reduce the size of the books printed in raised type, was an important desideratum. He so far succeeded in effecting this reduction, that in the year 1835 he was able to present to the American Bible Society a specimen of printing in which the bulk heretofore required was diminished one-half.

Dr. Howe considered the multiplication of works specially printed for the Blind an object of great importance, as increasing their resources and their opportunities for independent study and culture. He spared no effort to this end, keeping it always before the eyes of the community in his reports, while he at the same time neglected no opportunity of bringing so pressing a want to the notice of wealthy and benevolent individuals. The annals of his Institution will show that his efforts, though not entirely attaining the desired result, were yet in a great measure successful.

In the year 1835, he wrote an eloquent letter to the Directors of the American Bible Society, asking for such an appropriation from their funds as would enable him to print the whole Bible in raised type. Two hundred dollars had already been obtained towards this end, in answer to an appeal made by Dr. Howe before the congregation of Park Street Church. The Massachusetts Bible Society added to this sum another contribution of one thousand dollars. The New York Female Bible Society gave eight hundred dollars, and the American Bible Society one thousand. This sum of money enabled Dr. Howe to print the New Testament in raised letters,—a service which was hailed with joy by the many blind persons desirous of possessing and reading the book. Six years later, the Managers of the American Bible Society took the necessary steps for completing the printing of the entire Bible in the same type, the plates for the whole work costing some thirteen thousand

dollars. The catalogue of books printed at the Massachusetts Asylum attests the labor bestowed upon this object by its lamented Principal. It includes Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," an encyclopedia of his own compiling, Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar," Histories of England and the United States, "Pilgrim's Progress," and selections from the writings of Pope, Baxter, Swedenborg, and Byron. In the last report written by his hand, he mentions the noble donation of Mr. Dickens of a sum of money which enabled the Institution to print a small edition of the "Old Curiosity Shop" for the use of the Blind. Laura Bridgman once spoke to me with vivacity of the pleasure with which she had perused this work.

In Dr. Howe's management of the Blind Asylum, two points especially deserve notice. The first of these is his earnest desire, already spoken of, that the Blind, as a class, should become self-supporting. His belief in the value of labor to the individual was such that he considered a useless life the greatest of calamities for a human being. In order that the Blind should reach the full human standard of efficiency and of service, despite the drawback of the wanting sense, he felt it to be necessary that they should live, not by charity, but by well-earned wages. In view of this object, a department of manual labor was created at the Institution, in which the Blind were taught such trades as they can pursue with profit. Cane-work, the manufacture of mats and brooms, the making and cleansing of beds and other articles of upholstery, were the

most important of these, and in all of them those instructed attained sufficient facility to ensure a comfortable support. The workshop of the Institution soon grew into an establishment of recognized character and importance, giving instruction and employment not only to the pupils of the school, but also to adult blind persons obliged to provide for their own support.

The second point to which we would call attention, is the tact which Dr. Howe displayed in discovering both the tendencies and capacities of the Blind, and the gifts and deficiencies of individuals among them. In studying these, he soon perceived that, of all intellectual and artistic pursuits, music was that which would afford to the Blind the greatest opportunities of labor and remuneration. He saw that their privation of the resources of sight intensified for them the pleasure and significance of sound, and that the nicety of hearing and of touch, by which Nature compensates the missing sense, would make their help valuable in the care of musical instruments. In view of this twofold interest, he was careful to give his blind pupils every advantage in musical instruction, including the tuning of piano-fortes and the hearing of music. He was ably seconded in these endeavors by good teachers and by the zeal of the pupils themselves. A great number of blind persons have earned and continued to earn a comfortable livelihood by the aid of the musical instruction thus supplied. Some of these are employed as organists of churches, many are teachers of music, many are tuners of

piano-fortes, while others still are agents for the sale and hire of these.*

It is not too much to say that the energy and force of will which Dr. Howe displayed in this matter have made an epoch of progress in the condition and character of the Blind. Long treated with neglect, or as the objects rather of pity than of discipline, he found them naturally prone to discouragement, and averse to effort. The thrill of this strong heart, that feared no difficulty and shrank from no encounter, communicated itself first to teachers and then to pupils. The Institution became a happy home of diligent spirits, preparing for a life of use and service. A new fountain of hope and of cheerfulness sprang up among these so-called unfortunates, and this good power will live among the Blind as all high and precious influences, once communicated, do live and grow on earth.

On the occasion of the European tour already chronicled, Dr. Howe and Mr. Mann became greatly interested in the method, then already established on the Continent, of teaching deaf-mutes the use of articulate speech. The two friends visited together all the schools of this description which lay within their line of travel. If I remember rightly, they found only one of these in England, and that a small one. But in Switzer-

* The Royal Normal College for the Blind at Sydenham, near London, England, is an offshoot of the Massachusetts Institution. Its originator and present Principal is the former Musical Director of this Institution, and its most valued teachers have been supplied from the same source.

land and in Germany, the system had already been fully tried and established, and in these countries we found opportunities of observing pupils in every stage of vocal discipline, from that of the simultaneous utterance of unintelligible sounds to the very politeness and perfection of speech.

On his return to America, Dr. Howe warmly seconded Mr. Mann's efforts for the introduction of the teaching of articulate speech as a part of deaf-mute education. The innovation was strongly resisted, at the time and long after, by those committed to the old method of instruction, in which the language of arbitrary signs predominated even over the use of the finger alphabet. Unable to convince the heads of the American Asylum for Deaf-Mutes at Hartford of the propriety of at least giving the new method a fair trial, Dr. Howe began upon two little deaf-mute pupils a series of experiments which finally had some share in leading to the establishment, in the neighborhood of Boston, of a small school devoted to the articulate method of education, whose teacher has since become the Principal of the Clarke School for Deaf-Mutes in Northampton. In the interim (one of many years) between his first efforts to this end and their final success, Dr. Howe was instrumental in leading many mothers of deaf-mute children to conduct their education upon this principle. In these instances, the children received the greater part of their education at home. I have seen several of these, grown men and women, able to mingle in society, and to take part freely in conversation.

These young persons, as well as their parents, expressed great gratitude to Dr. Howe for the good advice given at that time, in opposition to popular opinion and prejudice.

A new class of unfortunates was soon to claim the helpful attention of our philanthropist. The condition of the Insane had long been to him an object of interest. As a friend of Mr. Mann and of Miss Dorothea L. Dix, he had borne his part in the labors and studies which have so greatly modified the treatment of lunatics. In the year 1847, he became much interested in the experiments of Dr. Guggenbuhl, which had already resulted in so much benefit to the Crétins of Switzerland. It seemed to him very important that inquiry should be made into the number and condition of idiots in Massachusetts, and he lost no time in bringing the matter to the notice of the State Legislature. A Commission was appointed by this body, charged with the delicate and difficult investigation. Dr. Howe was Chairman of this Commission, and its valuable work was chiefly planned and executed by him. The report which bears his name, the first ever presented in Massachusetts concerning the facts and causes of Idiocy, was published in 1848. Its appearance made a profound sensation in the community. The report not only brought to light the fact that in Massachusetts alone the number of idiots amounted to fifteen hundred, but it also gave much information concerning the parentage from which such unfortunates are wont to spring. The frankness of the disclosures made in its pages was

disapproved by those who consider it mischievous to lay bare the secret sins of society. Yet all who knew Dr. Howe, knew that he would have been the last person to collect and publish facts so revolting as were some of those now brought into notice, unless impelled to do so by high considerations of duty and public service. The existence of a large number of these defectives in Massachusetts was already a mortifying and unwelcome fact. Still more unwelcome were the statements which showed this condition in the offspring to be in great measure the result of violations on the part of the parents of the great laws of health and morality.

The experiments already made on the other side of the ocean had shown, beyond a doubt, that persons of this most pitiable class are capable of instruction, and even of a certain degree of personal culture. The efforts of Dr. Howe, and the evidences of need brought forward in his report, induced the Legislature of Massachusetts to make an appropriation of $2,500 per annum for three years, to be expended in what it was pleased to term the *experiment* of teaching and training ten idiotic children. A school for this purpose was organized in South Boston in October, 1848, under the supervision of Dr. Howe. Mr. James B. Richards was its first teacher.

This new undertaking was at first somewhat derided by that class of persons who are disposed to greet with ridicule anything that seems new and strange. "They are going to educate idiots next," was a saying received with laughter and incredulity.

One good friend at this time told Mrs. Howe that the Doctor's report was, in his opinion, a report *for* idiots, as well as concerning them. It is needless to say that the folly of these views soon became apparent even to the careless people who expressed them. The school soon enlisted the sympathy of all humane persons; and its work, which has now been carried on for twenty-eight years, has been crowned with a noble success. It has alleviated great misery among the poorer classes, to whom a helpless, mischievous creature, to be fed and looked after, is a burden difficult to be borne. But the misfortune of idiocy is not confined to the poor. Many a family in easy or affluent circumstances has rejoiced to see its feeblest member trained in this school to decent behavior, to harmless amusement, and to useful work, attaining thus, despite the most cruel of defects, something of the dignity which is the birthright of a human being. And in this manner the Idiot School at South Boston, commonly called the School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth, has come to be one of the most solid and respected institutions of the Commonwealth. When I tread its sunny corridors, and linger in its pleasant school-rooms, looking into the faces of the young creatures redeemed from a life of degrading criminality or forlorn blankness, I cannot help exulting in the thought that one who was a welcome guest among the rich and great, himself honored, brilliant, and distinguished, had heart and power to help these poor wrecks of humanity, and to bring them within

the sphere of all the pure and ennobling agencies which constitute the greatest treasure of civilization. When, a few weeks since, the Massachusetts Legislature convened to render homage to the merits of the departed hero and philanthropist, when press and pulpit rang with his praises, the pupils at the Idiot School gave their sorrowing tribute to the memory of their great benefactor. Grieving for him after their fashion, they said, "He will take care of the Blind in heaven. Won't he take care of us, too?"

We must again go back in our record, in order to notice briefly Dr. Howe's relations to the Anti-Slavery movement. Nor can we do this without a hurried retrospect of events which, if familiar to all at the time of their occurrence, pass rapidly from sight, and are liable to remain unknown to the young generation whose education is of later date. The early utterances of the opponents of Slavery in America seemed to the public at large somewhat harsh and vindictive. It was difficult to persuade the people of the North that they had any part to take in the question between master and slave. It was scarcely less difficult to persuade them that the domain of enforced servitude was one characterized by passive barbarism on the part of the servile class, and by active barbarity on that of the ruling class. The courage and conscience of a few eminent men kept the cause of the slave always before the eyes of the National Congress, to the great majority of whose members it long remained the most unwelcome of themes. The

passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill by this body in 1850, and the efforts made to carry its clauses into execution upon the soil of Massachusetts, aroused a general feeling of indignation, and gave rise to a series of events which resulted in uniting the intelligence and the sympathies of Massachusetts against the encroachments of the slave power.

In the struggle which followed, it soon became evident that the public mind needed instruction as to the facts, antecedents, and tendencies of slavery. Two journals, the "Liberator" and the "Anti-Slavery Standard," ably and unweariedly advocated the immediate and unconditional abolition of the detested institution. But this step was seen to be surrounded by so many practical difficulties, as to render necessary some mediatory work, some discussion of the plans and methods essential to a reform of such difficulty and magnitude. It was felt that there was room for still another newspaper, which should take up this ultimate question within the limits of the political action possible at that time. Such a paper was started in the year 1851, under the title of the "Commonwealth." Dr. Howe was one of the originators of this enterprise. He contributed to the fund raised for its first necessities, and himself performed for more than a year the duties of literary editor, in which I had the happiness of assisting him. This organ did excellent service, and its issue was continued several years. But, in the meantime, events had happ which compelled the citizens of Massachusetts

to condemn and resist the extradition of fugitives from slavery, or to become, by inaction, the accomplices of acts which were most repugnant to their feelings and principles. In 1851, a slave who had concealed himself on board of a ship bound for Boston, and who had already reached that port, was delivered up to the party claiming him, and carried back into slavery. This first result of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill was too important to be passed over. A meeting was called, and held at Faneuil Hall, to consider the best means of opposing so new and great an evil. In this meeting, Dr. Howe took a prominent part, and his eloquent words are probably still remembered by some of those whom the new outrage called together on that occasion. The rendition of Thomas Simms and of Anthony Burns followed, each act of encroachment and cowardice adding to the strength of the popular indignation. In 1858, Dr. Howe was instrumental, with others, in organizing a course of lectures upon slavery, in which not its opponents only, but its advocates also, were permitted to plead their cause, in order that the public might feel sure of having heard both sides of the question argued. Among the latter, General Houston of Texas alone accepted the invitation given; while the cause of human freedom was advocated by Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Moncure D. Conway, R. W. Emerson, E. P. Whipple, Frederick Douglass, and Samuel J. May.

It was in these days of trial that Dr. Howe became acquainted with John Brown, whose re-

markable qualities at once commanded his admiration. I remember a conversation in which, in the strictest confidence, Dr. Howe told me of a wonderful man, an apostle, a Puritan of the old type, who had devoted himself to an elaborate plan for the emancipation of the Southern blacks, with the zeal and courage which ever characterize the saviors of mankind. The name of this person was confided to me at a much later date, but so vivid had the Doctor's portraiture of him been, that when, a year or two after this time, he came to my door, I said to him, "You are Captain John Brown?" to which he replied, "I am." Dr. Howe did not agree with the general opinion, then prevalent, which characterized John Brown's scheme of negro emancipation as incapable of execution. He insisted in after years that the plan had been a very able one, and that its failure could not have been a foregone conclusion.

When the war of the Southern Rebellion actually broke out, Dr. Howe had already passed the age of military service. His uncertain health, moreover, made it impossible for him to bear the risks and exposures of camp life. His energy and experience were immediately placed at the disposal of the Government. As a member of the Sanitary Commission, he did good service, and his good counsels and generous coöperation will be remembered today by those who then labored with him to alleviate the horrors of war. As may be supposed, Dr. Howe followed the course of the war with close and intense interest. From its beginning to its

end, he was a true prophet of the progress of events. No sham victory, no false reputation, imposed upon him. I remember that I learned to listen to his sentence upon the matters current at that time with entire faith, because through all the changes and illusions of those years he alone was never mistaken, never deceived. Nor did I dare to believe fully in any reported advantage gained by our troops until I had learned his opinion regarding it.

In 1863, a commission was appointed by the United States Government, to inquire into the condition of the freedmen of the South. It consisted of Dr. Howe, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, and Mr. James McKay of New York. The labors of this commission occupied something more than a year. It became the medium of much valuable information to the Government, and prepared the way for the later establishment of the Freedmen's Bureau. While absent from home on the work of this commission, Dr. Howe was suddenly recalled by the illness, terminating in death, of his youngest child, a fine boy three years of age, bearing his name. His anguish at this loss was so great as to bring on a severe fit of sickness. A letter written by him to Mr. F. W. Bird, in 1874, on the occasion of a similar family affliction sustained by the latter, attests the depth and persistence of his sorrowing remembrance.

In 1865, Dr. Howe was elected Chairman of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, established upon the recommendation of Governor Andrew in

that the new kingdom of Greece might be t powerful for European control if allowed to reta this magnificent island, and the old maxim tyranny, *divide et impera*, was allowed to preva With all the valor of his youth, confirmed by t wise experience of a lifetime, Dr. Howe now ro up as the champion of a race long and fearful oppressed, committed to a death-struggle for i freedom. Many will remember a most interestir meeting held at Bumstead Hall in January, 186 in whose proceedings Governor Andrew, Wende Phillips, Bishop Huntington, and others took par When, on this occasion, Dr. Howe rose and sai "Some forty-five years ago I became greatly inte ested in the war of Greek independence," a mu mur of astonishment ran through the hall. D Howe at that time looked like a man still in t vigor of life, and those who saw him had forgotte the already remote date of his apostleship.

With the aid of this meeting, and by great pe sonal exertions, Dr. Howe succeeded in organizir a strong committee for raising funds in aid of t Cretans. The sum of $37,000 was obtained f this object, mostly in Boston and its neighborhoo and in March, 1867, Dr. Howe once more saile for Europe, designing to visit the scene of the w in person, and to use his own judgment in t disbursement of the money contributed. I ha already twice accompanied Dr. Howe to Europ with great pleasure and profit. But I must spea of this, our third joint expedition, as an occasic characterized by a new charm and interest. Tw

dear daughters went with us, and heightened our enjoyment by their fresh delight in scenes new and strange.

To be the bearer of aid and comfort to those who contend for the right, must ever be a happy boon. The Doctor's heart was full of this happiness, and something of its peace and serenity was shared by those about him. Once arrived on the other side of the ocean, the welcome and God-speed of the friends of Greece and of freedom gladdened him at every step. In Liverpool, the heads of the Greek Committee waited upon him on the evening of his arrival. In London, the doors of the brilliant and genial Greek society flew open to receive him, and a glimpse of Eastern warmth and brightness shone through the foggy atmosphere of London. In Geneva, I remember that the Cretan Committee seemed to have been particularly active, and that this bond of sympathy brought us into contact with some very intelligent and excellent people. Among these I may mention Mme. Marcel, daughter-in-law of the well-known Mrs. B., whose Conversations on Chemistry figured largely in the education given to American girls forty-five years ago, and her daughter, Mme. de Candolle, married to the son of the famous botanist.

Delightful as were all the stages of this journey, Dr. Howe hurried through them, in his haste to reach the scene of his mission. He paused, as he passed, only long enough to take needful rest, and reached Athens by the beginning of June. Lin-

gering a little by the way, I joined him in that historic city some weeks later, and found him surrounded by his committee, and busily at work. In the formation of his plans and the choice of his assistants, Dr. Howe, as usual, followed his own good judgment, sometimes giving offence to those who thought their own better, but retaining throughout the confidence and approbation of those most nearly concerned in the ministrations confided to him. At the risk of his life, he visited the island of Crete, and conferred with parties engaged or interested in the conflict, maintaining, however, to all others a strict incognito. After his return, a war frigate was placed at his disposal by the Greek government, and in company with him we visited Nauplia, and took carriages from thence to Argos and Mycenæ. At Argos, I was present at the distribution of a part of the clothing sent from America for the Cretan women and children. These poor creatures, wan and sad-eyed, thronged outside the door of the large room in which the garments were arranged. They were allowed to enter only in small companies, as their names, duly registered beforehand, were read from a list. Some carried small infants in their arms, some were surrounded by groups of children. A *papa*, or secular priest, of their own country had them in charge. Dr. Howe was aided in these and other distributions by a young Greek gentleman, Mr. Michael Anagnos, who afterwards accompanied him to America and became his son-in-law and assistant at the Blind

Asylum, where he has been elected Principal since the death of his beloved Chief.

In Athens, and in many other places, distributions of clothing were made. These garments were the gift of various sewing-circles in Boston and New York, and constituted the greater part of their winter's work. The money brought from America was mostly invested in biscuit, baked in Athens, and packed for transportation in the loose, baggy trousers worn by the Greek peasants. Supplies of food and clothing were thus ingeniously combined, and two of the blockade-runners which did so much mischief to American commerce during our civil war now earned a better reputation by carrying these helpful gifts to the suffering inhabitants of the desolated island.

Dr. Howe and his party returned to America in the autumn of this year, after an absence of eight months. He and his were still intent upon aiding the Cretans. To this end the ladies of his family, with the aid of many others, devoted much time and effort to the organization of a fancy fair, which was held in the Boston Music Hall in Easter week of the following year, with the net result of some twenty thousand dollars. Dr. Howe meanwhile commenced the publication of a small newspaper, entitled "The Cretan," of which the object was to enlighten the American public upon the merits and antecedents of the Cretan question. This publication was continued during six months, and is here mentioned in order to show the thoroughness and

devotion with which Dr. Howe was wont to serve any cause to which he felt called upon to devote himself. The glimmer of hope died out from the hearts of the brave Cretans, and the darkness of a barbarous despotism settled and sealed itself over their horizon. But in distant America one true heart beat ever for them to the end. Their champion cherished hope for them as long as it was possible to do so, and at last committed their cause, sorrowfully but trustingly, to the justice of the future.

It now becomes my duty to speak of the closing years of Dr. Howe's life, and, in this connection, to make some mention of a new subject of interest which enlisted and commanded his active sympathy to the very end of his career. This was the progress and welfare of the young Republic of Santo Domingo, whose cause he was led to espouse by a series of events, of which the briefest outline only can be given here.

The history of Santo Domingo is so unfamiliar to the American public, that a few words of retrospect will not seem superfluous to the present introduction of the subject. The rich territory now occupied by the Republic of Santo Domingo belonged formerly to the dominion of Hayti. The Haytians and Dominicans, however, early showed opposite and irreconcilable tendencies. Of these two peoples, the first claims a nearly pure African descent, which in the second is modified by a large admixture of Spanish blood. The Haytians incline to a military and despotic rule, and carry their hatred of

race so far as to deprive all white persons in their domain of the rights of citizenship, and even of the power of possessing real estate. The Dominicans soon felt the need of liberal institutions. By a successful military effort, they achieved their independence, and were able to organize a separate state, to whose interests the Haytian government has always shown itself inimical. The young republic, which could only attain its growth through the development of its natural resources, was always liable to be harassed by Haytian invasion. The sparseness of the population, in a territory of such vast extent, rendered the work of defending the frontier incompatible with the necessary tasks of agriculture and internal improvement.

After much injury suffered from these causes, the leading statesmen of Santo Domingo began seriously to desire the protection of a foreign power. This protection was first granted them by Spain, but with conditions of despotic rule, involving the loss of civil and religious liberty, and intolerable to the Dominicans. The Spanish occupation once at an end, the Dominicans determined to seek the protection of a power pledged to the maintenance of free institutions. In accordance with this determination, a proposal was made by President Baez, in 1869, for the annexation of the Republic of Santo Domingo to the United States. The project was commended to the Congress of the United States by President Grant, and in January, 1870, a commission was appointed by the latter charged with the duty of visiting the island, and of reporting

upon the natural features of the country, and upon the disposition of the inhabitants with regard to the question of annexation.

The circumstances under which this project was brought forward were not, on the whole, favorable to its mature consideration. The time was the period of agitation preceding a presidential election, a period in which all new measures naturally receive or lose popularity from the personal and party relations of those concerned in bringing them forward. The project was, of course, unacceptable to the Haytian government, and encountered the active opposition of its representative at Washington. The persons appointed on the commission above referred to, were Hon. B. F. Wade of Ohio, Dr. Howe, and President White of Cornell University. A government steamer, the "Tennessee," was placed at their disposal, and every facility given for as thorough an exploration of the island as the necessary limitations of time would allow.*

The personal and general features of this expedition were sufficiently published to the world by the host of reporters who accompanied the commission. Its graver results were communicated to the United States government in a report presented

* Concerning the sea-worthiness of this steamer, many injurious reports were set on foot, causing great unhappiness to those whose friends were among her passengers. The infrequency of mail communication between Santo Domingo and the United States made it impossible to hear from the steamer within a month from the time of her departure. The writer cannot forget the distress suffered by herself and others during this interval, through those unfounded rumors of disaster to the vessel and all on board of her. Nor can she forget the warm overflow of sympathy with which the news of Dr. Howe's safe arrival in Santo Domingo was received in Boston.

by the three commissioners on their return, which took place early in April of the same year. During their stay on the island, they had not only obtained a satisfactory acquaintance with its social and agricultural capabilities, and with the disposition of the majority of the inhabitants concerning annexation to the United States, but had also seen enough of Hayti to enable them to compare the elements of Haytian with those of Dominican civilization. The result of these investigations was favorable to the project of annexation.*

I can only mention here, as a link in the historic narration intrusted to me, the fact, that, in the face of the report made by the commission, the tempest of a great political excitement swept the project of annexation out of the current of events, and left it to be cherished as a fair dream by the few who have known and loved the island. The

* The commissioners were persuaded of the great richness and value of the territory owned and administered by the Dominican Republic. They received, also, a favorable impression of the intelligence of the inhabitants, and of their capacity for moral and intellectual culture. They were persuaded that the proposed annexation would be productive of benefit to both parties involved in the transaction, by affording to the United States a wide range of tropical productions now purchased from other powers at great cost, and by guaranteeing to the Dominicans the improvements and institutions indispensable to the growth of their country. They found the best intelligence of the country united in favor of annexation.

All that they had seen of Haytian society, on the contrary, led them to look in its future for that intensification of barbarism which develops itself in semi-civilized races from whose career the elements of intellectual progress are excluded. These views were fully shared by Frederick Douglass, who accompanied the expedition. Himself of mixed blood, and familiar with the colored people of the South, he now saw for the first time a negro society from which the help and influence of the white race were as far as possible excluded.

events of this organization cannot be characterized within the limits of this Memoir without involving matters of controversy foreign to its purpose. Suffice it to say that Dr. Howe never saw occasion to modify the views to which he had lent the authority of his able judgment, and that his happy faith in immutable principles showed him for the Dominicans, as formerly for the Cretans, a future of peace and progress in the good time sure to come.

The proposed annexation having failed, a plan was set on foot for forming a company to obtain a lease of the Peninsula of Samana, under favorable conditions, and with valuable rights and privileges. Dr. Howe anticipated great benefits for the island from the realization of this project, and embraced it so warmly as to become one of the directors of the new enterprise, which was organized in the autumn of 1871, under the name of the Samana Bay Company. Charged with the completion of preliminary arrangements between the company and the government of Santo Domingo, Dr. Howe revisited the island in the spring of 1872, taking with him a part of his family. He was accompanied by the late Colonel J. W. Fabens, who had also a part in the pending negotiation.

Dr. Howe was received with great marks of esteem by the officers of the Dominican government, and by the foremost citizens of the community. His arrival at the capital was hailed with joy, and the Palacio Nacional was assigned for his residence. The business of the company

received prompt attention, and was soon brought to a satisfactory issue. After a stay of two months on the island, Dr. Howe returned to Boston, with improved health, and with great hopes of the good to be accomplished by the Samana Bay Company. These hopes, alas! were destined to sad, but not unnatural, disappointment. The design of the new undertaking was chivalrous and grandiose. Its execution necessarily involved the complex conditions of capital, and the differing views of those who control it.

Dr. Howe, and those of the directors who thought with him, recommended the immediate investment of all moneys subscribed in roads and other improvements much needed in the new territory. But the greater number were bent upon the negotiation of an extensive loan in the English money market, and much expense was incurred in the pursuit of this object. At the very moment when those interested were most confident of obtaining this loan, news was received of a political revolution in Santo Domingo, by which President Baez and his friends were thrown out of office. This event impaired the public confidence in the stability of Dominican institutions, and had much to do with the failure of the loan negotiation.

In January, 1874, Dr. Howe suffered from a sudden attack of pleurisy, which soon gave place to other troubles, scarcely less severe. These in turn gave way to treatment, but were followed by a long period of prostration. His friends now became seriously alarmed, and the change to a

milder climate was thought indispensable to his recovery. Yielding to urgent solicitation, he embarked on the 6th of March on board the steamer "Tybee," in a feeble and suffering condition. At sea, he soon revived, and before the end of the voyage appeared to be in his usual health. He landed at the capital, and was soon in communication with the new President, whose attitude towards the Samana Bay Company was a matter of some anxiety. Dr. Howe was accompanied on this voyage by Colonel Fabens and Captain Samuels of New York, the three being charged with negotiations between the Samana Bay Company and the new government. These negotiations did not produce the result desired.*

The conclusion of the whole may be briefly summed up as follows: the revolution prevented the loan; the failure of the loan rendered the company unable to fulfil its engagements. The new government took advantage of this failure, which itself had caused, to annul all concessions made by its predecessor in favor of the Samana Bay Company. The matter being thus at an end, the whole party, much chagrined, reëmbarked on board of the "Tybee." Dr. Howe and I were left at Samana, where we took up our abode in a pretty

* The change in the government was found, upon a nearer view, to have been the work, not of a political party, but of a financial interest. The merchants of Puerta Plata, an important town on the sea-coast, jealous of the anticipated growth of Samana, had subscribed large sums of money in order to place at the head of the government a person devoted to their interest. Such a man they had found in President Gonsales.

cottage formerly belonging to Colonel Fabens. The remainder of the party returned to New York.

Here we arranged our plans and occupations to suit with a stay of some weeks, in a position of much isolation, but in a region of surpassing beauty and grandeur. I remember this time as delightful to both of us. The Doctor had been greatly troubled at the untoward termination of the company's affairs, but his energetic nature never yielded long to any discouragement. He applied himself diligently to the settlement of such claims and questions as lay within his reach and power. The beauty of the surrounding country tempted him to frequent rides. He was early and late in the saddle, and dashed up and down the steep hillsides of Samana with all his old fearlessness. A row on the beautiful bay sometimes took the place of the excursions on horseback, in which I was not easily able to keep up with the swift pace of my companion. In the quiet of noonday he amused himself with the adventures of Don Quixote, which he read easily in the Spanish language. He often called me from my work to read me some favorite scene, which he esteemed too entertaining to be read alone. The cloudless skies and transparent waters, the gloom and grandeur of the tropical forest, the quaint and primitive ways of the people who surrounded us,—all this we enjoyed with a freshness of delight not unsurpassed by the enthusiasms of youth. The time flew swiftly by, and when at its end we turned our faces homeward, our satisfaction was not unmingled with regret.

The mild climate and life in the open air had done all that could have been expected for Dr. Howe, and he returned home much improved in health and spirits. The seeds of disease, however, were still lurking in his system, and the period of his return unfortunately exposed him to some of the worst weather of our always uncertain spring. He suffered, in consequence, a severe attack of rheumatism, by which his strength became greatly reduced. He rallied somewhat in the autumn, and was able to pass the winter in comfort and activity. He went to his office in town in all weather, attended the business meetings of the Blind Asylum and Idiot School, and performed his duties as a Trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and of the Insane Asylum at Somerville. The first of May, 1875, found him at his country seat in Portsmouth, R. I., where the planting of his garden and the supervision of his animals and poultry afforded him much amusement and occupation. In the early summer, he was still able to ride the beautiful St. Domingo pony which President Baez had sent him two years before. This resource, however, soon failed him, and his exercise gradually became limited to a short walk in the neighborhood of his house. His strength constantly but gradually diminished during the summer, yet he retained his habits of early rising and of occupation, as well as his constant interest in all that was going on around him. His step was still heard about the house, but it had lost its elasticity, and a moan of suppressed suffering accompanied the familiar sound.

He returned to Boston before the first of October, and seemed at first to have benefited by the change. He walked as usual between his own house and the Blind Asylum, and, with the aid of his carriage, visited the Idiot School. But he felt, and we felt, that a change was drawing nigh.

On Christmas Day, he was able to dine with his family, and to converse with one or two invited guests. But, on the first of January, he remarked that he should not live through the month. This presentiment, though not at the time regarded by those to whom he mentioned it, did not deceive him.

On January 4, while up and about as usual, he was attacked by sudden and severe convulsions, followed by insensibility; and on January 9, he breathed his last, surrounded by his family, and without pain or apparent consciousness.

Thus ended one of the noblest lives of our day and generation. All that is most sterling in American character may be said to have found its embodiment in Dr. Howe. To the gift of a special and peculiar genius he added great industry and untiring perseverance, animated by a deep and comprehensive benevolence. Although ardent in temperament, he was not hasty in judgment, and was rarely deceived by the superficial aspect of things when this was at variance with their real character. Although long and thoroughly a servant of the public, he disliked publicity, and did not seek reputation, being best satisfied with the approbation of his own conscience and the regard

of his friends. In the relations of private life he was faithful and affectionate, and his public services were matched by the constant acts of kindness and helpfulness which marked his familiar intercourse with his fellow-creatures.

In what is said, to-day, concerning the motherhood of the human race, the social and spiritual aspects of this great office are not wholly overlooked. It must be remembered that there is also a fatherhood of human society, a vigilance and forethought of benevolence recognized in individuals who devote their best energies to the interests of mankind. The man, to whose memory the preceding pages are dedicated, is one of those who have best filled this relation to their race. Watchful of its necessities, merciful to its shortcomings, careful of its dignity, and cognizant of its capacity, may the results of his labor be handed down to future generations, and may his name and example be held in loving and lasting remembrance.

FUNERAL HONORS, EULOGIES, AND OTHER TRIBUTES

TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

THE STATE'S TRIBUTE.

The death of Dr. Howe took place on the 9th of January, 1876. On the ensuing day, His Excellency the Governor sent the following Special Message to the Legislature, then in session:—

I have the mournful duty of communicating to the General Court tidings of the death of a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts, Dr. SAMUEL G. HOWE of Boston, for nearly half a century connected most prominently with the charitable and educational institutions of the Commonwealth.

The services rendered by Dr. Howe to Massachusetts, to the United States, and to the whole world, by his early, energetic, and long-continued labors to educate the blind and the deaf, to reform the discipline of prisons, to instruct the idiotic, and to ameliorate the condition of the insane, and of the unfortunate of all classes, merit the recognition which they have received in years past, and call for some public tribute to his memory, now that his long and noble career of philanthropy has closed.

At the time of his death he was still at the head of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, of which he was the founder, and for more than forty years the Director. I am informed that his funeral rites will be performed there, in presence of the pupils whom his skill has instructed, and of whom, at his suggestion, this Commonwealth has long been the beneficent patron.

I leave to the wisdom of the General Court the adoption of such measures as may testify the sorrow which the people of Massachusetts feel at the death of a philanthropist so illustrious, and a public servant so faithful in his high vocation.

The funeral services were attended by many members of the Legislature, and a committee of the two Houses was appointed to report resolutions in honor of Dr. Howe. During the following week, the committee reported the resolutions printed below, which were passed at first by the Senate,—after eulogies by Hon. George B. Loring, President of the Senate, and others,—and then by the House of Representatives, after eulogies by Hon. E. H. Kellogg of Pittsfield, and others.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE GENERAL COURT.

Resolved, That the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, ever mindful of the welfare of the poor and the claims of the unfortunate among its people, recalls with gratitude the constant and efficacious service devoted by the late Dr. SAMUEL G. HOWE to the education of the blind, the deaf, and the feeble-minded children of this Commonwealth, to the improvement of the discipline of prisons and reform schools, to the better care of the insane, the prevention of pauperism, and, in general, to the public charities of Massachusetts, with which he has been for a whole generation officially connected.

Resolved, That especial mention ought to be made of that grand achievement of science and patient beneficence, the education by Dr. Howe of deaf, dumb, and blind children in such a manner as to restore them to that communication with their friends and with the

world which others enjoy, but from which they seemed wholly debarred until his genius and benevolence found for them the key of language, accustomed it to their hands, and thus gave them freedom, instead of bondage, and light for darkness.

Resolved, That the people of Massachusetts, always desirous of liberty for themselves and for others, proudly cherish the recollection of that gallant spirit which led Dr. Howe, in youth, in mature manhood and in advancing age, to rank himself, with many or with few, among the champions of oppressed races and emancipated nationalities, emulating in this the deeds of his countrymen in the American revolution, and the noble career of his friend and the friend of mankind—the illustrious Lafayette.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathy to the family of the deceased, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to them.

Memorial Services.

The funeral of Dr. Howe took place on the 13th of January, 1876; appropriate services being performed at the Massachusetts Blind Asylum and at the Church of the Disciples, where his life-long friend, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, officiated. The remains were buried at Mount Auburn; the pall-bearers being Messrs. Charles Francis Adams, Emory Washburn, Francis W. Bird, Samuel Downer, John S. Dwight, Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, Estes Howe, and F. B. Sanborn. It was felt, however, that the usual funeral honors were insufficient to testify the respect and affection with which Dr. Howe was regarded by all classes of the people in his native city, and a Committee was therefore appointed to provide for a Memorial Service at the Boston Music Hall, in which the whole public could take part. As finally constituted, the members of this Committee were the following gentlemen: F. W. Bird, of Walpole, *Chairman;* William Claflin, of Boston; John G. Palfrey, of Cambridge; Samuel Downer, Francis Brooks, and William Endicott, Jr., of Boston; Willard P. Phillips, of Salem; William S. Robinson, of Malden; Estes Howe, of Cambridge; Edward N.

Perkins, John M. Forbes, Samuel Eliot, James Sturgis, Edward W. Kinsley, George W. Bond, John E. Fitzgerald, W. W. Clapp, Robert E. Apthorp, George W. Wales, and John S. Dwight, of Boston; F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, *Secretary*.

Under their direction, the proposed Memorial Service was held at the Music Hall on Tuesday, the 8th of February, 1876, His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts presiding, and the spacious Hall being filled in every part by an attentive audience. Brief eulogies, in prose and verse, were delivered by friends of Dr. Howe, and appropriate and pathetic music was performed by the blind pupils whom he had educated. The platform was reserved for the speakers and personal friends of Dr. Howe, the band of the Perkins Institution for the Blind occupying seats on the left, the choir of the Institution in front of the organ, and other friends having seats provided for them on the right. Among those present were Laura Bridgman, one of her former teachers (Miss Eliza Rogers), Ex-Governors Emory Washburn, Claflin, and Talbot, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr., Hon. Charles G. Davis, of Plymouth; Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, the Mayor of Boston; Thomas C. Amory, Dr. Samuel A. Green, and many of the clergy of Boston and its vicinity. The services proceeded according to the following programme:—

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN HONOR OF SAMUEL G. HOWE,

BOSTON MUSIC HALL, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1876,

From 2.30 P. M. to 5.30 P. M.

I. Organ Voluntary. (Prelude and Fugue by Bach.) By Miss Freda Black.

II. Prayer. By Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

III. Remarks. By His Excellency the Governor.

IV. Original Hymn. By W. E. Channing.

(Sung by the Choir, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Reeves, Musical Director of the Institution for the Blind.)

O'er the pall of a Hero the laurel should fall,
'Tis the love of a Father our voices recall;
With hope, like the sunshine, it paints the dark air;
O God, with thy mercy, interpret our prayer!

From isles of the Muse, over Hellas' blue wave,
From homes of the North, for the hearts of the slave,
Let swift-flashing memory his requiem be,—
Unfaltering, unfettered, unselfish as he.

Our fond hearts reecho his cry for the race,
For himself not a wish,—speed, speed to the place
Where anguish lies wailing, there always his home,—
O God, with thy mercy, illumine his tomb.

Unseal the veiled orb, for his eye, that ne'er slept,
Unfetter the mind from the darkness he wept;
The light of the soul is the star of life's sea,—
As loving, as hoping, as constant was He.

V. Address. By Hon. A. H. Bullock.

VI. Address. By Ex-President Caswell, of Brown University.

VII. Address. By Hon. William Gaston.

VIII. Poem. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

IX. Address. By Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D.

X. Music by the Band of the Institution. (Duet for two cornets, and march.)

XI. Address. By Hon. Francis W. Bird.

XII. Poem. By Rev. Charles T. Brooks.

XIII. Quartette for Female Voices, in four parts. By Dr. S. P. Tuckerman.

Their sun shall no more go down, the Lord shall be their light, their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning are ended. For the Lamb shall feed them, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

XIV. Address. By Rev. Edward E. Hale.
XV. Address. By Dr. E. M. Gallaudet.
XVI. Music by the Band. (Prayer and Allegro from "Der Freyschütz.")
XVII. Address. By Colonel T. W. Higginson.
XVIII. "Gloria in Excelsis," from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. By the Choir.

The assembly was called to order by Hon. Francis W. Bird, who introduced His Excellency, Governor Rice. After the Organ Voluntary, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hale in these words:—

THE PRAYER.

Almighty God, thou also art in the midst of us. Father of mercies, of infinite mercies, be pleased to fill each heart here with the certainty of a Father's presence, and quicken us; make us alive even in the fullness of our Father's love. Consecrate to us all the memories of the life of him whom this day we assemble to commemorate; speak to us again even by his silent lips, and teach us yet again his lesson of truth, of hope, and of love. And be with all those, Father, from whom thou hast called away a near and dear friend, one very near and very dear. Come to them, thou who art comfort for the comfortless, strength for the weak, and light for the blind, and to all of us. Help us to look upward, forward, and in each change of this life to come nearer and nearer to thyself, that we may see beyond the veil; that we may mount even on angel wings, and hold always a closer and closer communion with our God. So may our service of this day be blessed indeed, if from this house we

go to our homes more ready to enter into the work which he has laid down; more willing to consecrate our lives, as he consecrated his, to the coming of thy kingdom, to the lifting up of those who have fallen down, to giving light to those who are blind, to giving hearing to the deaf and strength to the faint, to giving thy blessings to all thy children. Be with us, Father; hear us and answer us as the disciples of thine own Son. Amen.

Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Governor of Massachusetts, then spoke in these words:—

The fall of a distinguished citizen in the race of life has arrested the flow of business and of worldly cares, and convened this great assembly, while the day yet lingers, to pay the tributes of respect and gratitude to a noble philanthropist and a tireless benefactor.

The occasions have been neither few nor wide apart, in these later years, when Massachusetts has put on her mourning drapery for departed citizens who have achieved usefulness and honor among men. She has a long catalogue of heroic dead upon her battle-rolls; and, within the past few months, has received to her kindred dust all that was mortal of two great Senators,—who, for a score of years, uttered her voice and defended her principles in the Senate of the United States,—besides the remains of other dignitaries of State and National renown.

To-day she stands by the grave of her greatest philanthropist, and divides her sorrow with mankind. For more than two generations Dr. Howe was connected with some of the leading educational, charitable, and reformatory institutions of Massachusetts, and in so close a degree, that the school, the asylum, the hospital, and the prison seemed the sphere of his constant and

loving labors; while his efforts and methods for giving sight to the blind, for breaking the silence of the deaf, and for kindling intelligence in the idiotic and feeble-minded were limited in their beneficence to no State or country or race, but are recognized and will be commemorated in the lasting gratitude of mankind.

Death found him no idler, but busy at his work. He was still the responsible head of the Blind Asylum, which he founded nearly fifty years ago, and where his marvellous skill, interpreting the scenes and harmonies of nature to those who dwell otherwise in a dark and voiceless world, left us always doubting whether to admire more the benefaction of his labors, or the transcendent genius by which they were originated and administered. Nor did he yield his place on Boards of Direction of various other institutions and organizations, public and private, either at the solicitations of leisure or at the admonitions of physical decline.

A student of social science in all its departments, he sought the amelioration of every form of human suffering, and the elevation of society, by means at once comprehensive, philosophical, and humane. In his peculiar province he leaves no successor, and his fame will have no rival. So firm of purpose, so gentle in manners, so pure in life, so guileless in character, so complete in goodness, death can bring to him no change but from the toils of earth to the fruitions of hope, and to the gratification of his aspiring soul in the higher intelligence and the ever unfolding glories of immortality.

After the singing of Mr. Channing's hymn, above printed, Governor Rice introduced one of his predecessors in office, Hon. Alexander H. Bullock of Worcester, who spoke as follows:—

GOVERNOR BULLOCK'S EULOGY.

Accustomed as we have been to pay these public honors to the dead, if I am not altogether mistaken, friends and fellow-citizens, this occasion is unlike others which have preceded it. I do not recall another resembling it in the quality of its personal reminiscences. It is an occasion for a rare kind of personal homage. It is for no eminent Senator or Vice-President, falling with the robes of office still about him, and affecting the emotions of a nation that had been his auditory, but it is for a man fallen in the daily work of half a century in paths of life which are shunned by most of mankind, who was unknown in the field and the forum, yet was distinguished in all Christian lands as a master self-consecrated to humanity. His title stands apart, and is of his own unconscious winning,—the title of Philanthropist. In the last hundred years only one man in Great Britain has been selected to wear that honor as exclusively his own. Other Englishmen of perhaps greater celebrity have left a splendid fame for their generous devotion: Fox for his devotion to the very sound of liberty; Wilberforce to negro emancipation; Romilly and Mackintosh to civil and social reform. But their life was so largely a forensic tournament, in which they won crowns for themselves, their distinction in philosophy and eloquence was so large a share of their renown, that their names have usually been remitted to the roll of statesmen and orators.

But there was one—another Englishman—whose labors of mercy, sustained by none of the ordinary stimulants of ambition, were so obviously and solely for the good of the race, followed by no earthly reward to him, but followed by a rich harvest to his fellow-men, that the encyclopedias will perpetuate for ages the name of

Howard as synonymous with philanthropist. We ourselves have had more than one man who has been designated in his day as the Massachusetts Senator,—more than one who has been called her orator, her historian, her poet,—yet I am persuaded that beyond the time of this generation the name of Samuel Gridley Howe will be pronounced, as we now pronounce it, by special eminence, the Massachusetts Philanthropist. And surely the Commonwealth could not rejoice in a higher or nobler title for one of her sons. It is the highest of all earthly distinctions, for it is the word the mention of which gives him his place in the hearts of all men,—a word which represents character and deeds that are not subject to the taste or culture of an age, but are unchangeable for example and contemplation. Nor can we better discharge the duty of this hour, than by fastening upon his memory the title which shall carry to the schools of the State, to all the walks of life, whether of study or business or leisure,—to all the ambitions and activities of this wonderful people, suggestions and inspirations for consecration to the welfare of the race,—the title of the MASSACHUSETTS PHILANTHROPIST.

The future career of the philanthropist was prefigured in the young man of twenty-three. At this distance of fifty years from that remarkable outburst of sympathy which directed so many minds toward the Greek Revolution, the glare and romance which then surrounded the scene and the actors have given place to the cool judgment of history. Military adventurers thronged from all parts of the Continent to the theatre of the war, with the usual result; and before Lord Byron set out from Genoa, he saw enough of disappointed and returned officers to check the enthusiasm of a less resolute spirit than his own. There were two persons, however, who did go to remain. Byron was the illustrious over all

whom the societies in England contributed to that service. Superannuated with pleasure and sorrow at thirty-six, his hair already turned gray, and his heart withered, he enlisted for a new life and new glory with a resolution and zeal which led the pathway of the poet to his martyrdom. There was no sham or illusion about his purpose. But to all of that zeal Dr. Howe brought the added freshness and purity of youth, with the calculation and firmness of manhood. In his going, I do not so much observe the knight-errantry. I behold him rather then first developing a heaven-born genius for serving his fellow-man; I see him at that early day overcoming the law of nature which makes us cold to the relations of distant misery.

He remained to the end; and it was one of the brief and happily completed periods of history which found the combined fleets of the Christian powers of Europe engaging in the battle of Navarino to enforce the same rules which the illustrious representative of Massachusetts in Congress had so eloquently demanded four years before, and which also found, at the same moment, among the military forces on the land, another young brave soul of Massachusetts coöperating in arms. It was the period of test and trial to our departed friend; and the record of his six years in Greece has significance and value, because it is the record of a young man struggling in earnest for the cause of the oppressed. I conceive that fancy had little to do with his enlistment. No doubt, as he approached the land of his service, its ancient and heroic annals rose in his imagination; its story and song; its waters, on which he was soon to battle as the great had battled before; its temples, which he had read of and was so soon to behold; its mountains, under crown of snow and flush of sunset; but these were only the accessories in the picture. His mind rested on

the darker and sterner background, of privation and hunger and sickness and personal peril; but over them all, of duty to dare and endure for the rescue of a down-trodden portion of his kind. Nothing short of this high conception and purpose could have borne him through those lengthened years of trial and exposure; in the cock-pit, the ambulance, and the hospital; in guerilla bands on land, and through every gradation on deck; in soliciting and distributing charity; in the labors of colonizing a disorganized people; through all the mingled functions, from a constable to a commander-in-chief of a colony,—until at length, after six years, disease drove him from the country, and sent him back to his profession. Now, if there be any school of experience in which a man's bent is confirmed and fixed, certainly he was returned to us from such a field strengthened in his high motive and purpose, trained and inured for the work which his destiny had assigned to him.

His Excellency, who now presides over our expanded plan of State Charities, was a mere lad forty-five years ago, when as yet in the beauty of his youth our lamented citizen gave to the unorganized system the first quickening of a visible life. Within the space of three years, from 1829 to 1833, an organization of the humane sentiments of this community sprang into existence, and was followed by results which have not been surpassed in the history of benevolence. It was known that there were twenty-five thousand blind persons in Great Britain; that there was a large but unascertained number in this Christian Commonwealth, and a desire to methodize some measures of relief began to stir in many hearts. We were about to take the lead on a broad scale in this country in bearing the light into the abodes of shadow, and the leaders were found who were worthy of the enterprise. Fisher and Brooks had opened the books for

subscription. Prescott, then groping his way in partial blindness to works of imperishable fame, by writing up the theme in the "North American Review," had awakened a generous concern in the circles of affluence and culture. But the work was still languishing for a great giver, the chances were at a balance, when the more than princely merchant, Thomas Handasyd Perkins, put his munificent hand into the scale. And still the master-genius was wanting who could and who would execute the sublime work, when Howe offered his life-service to the education and the elevation of the Blind.

I need not ask you, who take pride in Boston, you who take pride in Massachusetts,—I need not ask you whether in all New England, whether in any State, humanity ever gathered to its assistance a nobler group or a more brilliant staff. Some of us remember both of those two central figures, Perkins and Howe; so unlike in their education and avocations, yet linked in our annals by an enduring tie of beneficence, themselves having joined in a union that can never be broken the practical and the ideal Boston. When I first saw Colonel Perkins, then an old man, his face seemed itself an institution of benevolence, or at least I could say of him, as the great Spanish romancer said of one of his characters, that his countenance was a benediction. He has been dead more than twenty years, and only a small part of this generation have known anything about him. But you and I, Your Excellency, having some occasion for being acquainted with the magnificent body of humanities with which his name is connected, could not stand by the grave of his associate in benevolence and not recall *him* to our fellow-citizens.

It is not for me, within these limitations, to expatiate at length upon the service rendered by Dr. Howe in his chosen department of life-work. He accepted it as his

mission with the same alacrity with which the average graduate of the school reaches out for fame or fortune. He made his venture, with what special genius or fitness no one then could say, though the world now knows, into the field of darkness, to which he was soon to add the field of science. In that field, comprising at once the wide range of philosophical analysis and practical development, he became the authority on this side of the water; and he has given to the Massachusetts school the foremost rank among the twenty other institutions of the same kind, more or less,—Mr. Sanborn can tell us how many there are,—which have sprung up on these shores under his leading.

This great success in establishing what may be called a structure of national humanity, has been his work. But great as it appears in its present proportions, it was greatest in the beginning. Now, when the whole subject has become familiar to the common apprehension, men little understand the patience and devotion which was necessary at the commencement. How many would have turned away from the first experiment! But he took for his encouragement the truth expressed by Prescott in such words of pathos, that "the glimmering of the taper which is lost in the blaze of day may be sufficient to guide the steps of him whose path lies through darkness." There is nothing in the recorded manifestations of sympathy or of poetry which surpasses in interest the character of his early experiments, in almost creating a new sense for an immortal mind. The great modern delineator of the miseries of the unfortunate, and the glories of charity, Mr. Dickens, in his reminiscences of the South Boston Institution, has depicted those solemn efforts of Dr. Howe in the colors of truth laid by his art. He was original and without an equal in raising deafness, dumbness, and blindness com-

bined to a perfect use of human language. He invented an alphabet, and advanced step by step through all the ingenuities of tangible typography. He imparted a vision of the Divine Being, and gave a New Testament which the sightless may read. He took up the conception of Milton, who knew both sight and blindness, that the Almighty appears to cast gloom over the Blind, not so much by deprivation of sight, as by the shadow of the Divine wings,—*nec tam oculorum hebetudine quam cœlestium alarum umbra has nobis fecisse tenebras videtur*, —and even that shadow he sought to irradiate! I ought rather to say, that he turned away from the sad spirit of Milton, expressed in his Latin, and that by new methods of printing and new methods of instruction, he made attainable to his blind constituents the more cheering invocation of the same great poet, expressed in his own English,—

> "So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
> Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiate."

By his example and instructions through all these years, Dr. Howe taught the State to reverence human nature in every individual being. I have sometimes thought that it is one of the defects which ought to be expected under our large freedom, that the government might be in danger of overlooking the individual; all persons being free, and supposed to take care of themselves, government being restricted in its duties, and parting with somewhat of its parental character. This teacher, who has been so long at the head of the eleemosynary departments of the Commonwealth, has done a great deal to correct this defect. He began and ended with the individual. A hundred years hence, he will be cited—Massachusetts will be cited—in all Christian

countries, for his exertions in a single case upon a single individual.

Reverence for human nature, as represented in every child of God, lay at the foundation of his work; and he, more than anybody else, has made it the foundation of the noblest structure of charities which any American State has organized. He began forty years ago by taking up as worthy of his daily care, and worthy of the care and aid of the Commonwealth, "a silent, helpless, hopeless unit of mortality"; he followed up the case, and induced the State to follow it to the day of his death; and the seal of his last will bids her live under that same protection after he is dead and gone. That is the principle upon which our charities rest.

The life and well-being of all are inseparably connected with the welfare of the individual. The bloom and vigor of the whole people can only be real and lasting as they are shared by every class. You can infuse freshness and strength into the State only as you infuse freshness and strength into the tie which connects the State with every individual. That has become the doctrine of Massachusetts. That is the doctrine which upholds our system of reliefs and reforms, of education and charities, which has grown up under the tuition and practice I have described, until it now attracts inquiry from foreign lands.

In a single year, I remember to have received at the Executive Chamber of the State House, letters of this character from two governments of Europe, and from one in South America. But we have not come to this without the study and efforts of men whose hearts were heroic, and whose lives were dedicated to the race. The first State lunatic hospital, the creation of Horace Mann, was opened about the same time that the institution at South Boston opened its doors to his friend of college days, whose name we honor this evening. They have

both gone away from us; but let us devoutly trust that their works may not follow them. Wherever you may trench, still spare the temple of our charities, erected, enlarged, and embellished over this half-century by the open-hearted and open-handed of this munificent city,— by the culture, the grace, and the virtue of the best sons of Massachusetts. If there are those whose hearts and hands are cold for want of destructive occupation, I still pray they may not gain friction and warmth by hacking at the monuments of Perkins and of Lyman, of Dwight and of Clarke, of Mann and of Howe.

But it is impossible that we should here pass in review so long and varied a life. That life is not a paragraph nor a chapter; it is a history, of constantly added scenes of philanthropic adventure and of constantly added phases of character. It takes us to Greece, and the College of France, and the prisons of Prussia; over more than twoscore years in daily walks to the Institution at South Boston; through courses of investigation which led to the establishment of schools for the feeble-minded; through inquiries and efforts, never given over, to improve the administration of prisons, and to give a fair chance before God and man to the released prisoner; over a constantly manifested care for neglected children and youthful offenders; into long counselling and coöperation for the cause of general education; to his humane assistance, known to his Maker, but kept a secret from his Government, for the escape of the fugitive slave; to his interest in the war of freedom, and his service on the sanitary board in smoothing the pillow of the soldier; to his mission after the war to inspect the condition of the redeemed; and at length, a few years before his death, back again across the Atlantic to bear food to a starving people; and, wherever this history takes us, and wherever we find him, we see a free and true man,

without fear or favor of his kind, saying, not in words, of which he was chary, but in deeds, with which he abounded, "Behold, I am here, Lord!"

It would be an omission in my memory of an official connection with him, extended over three years, if I were not to bear my testimony to his almost ubiquitous attendance on his work; he was at South Boston, he was at his office in town, he was at the rooms of the Board of Charities, he was at the Executive Chamber, he was sometimes at his own house, he was always where duty called. He seemed capable to drive all the reforms and charities abreast; and yet he was seldom on a strain; always having an air we all liked of a man of business, of a man of the world, what Carlyle would call "a good, broad, buffeting way of procedure"; of dauntless force of character, of firmness that was impassive, of modesty that was unfeigned; a little mutinous whenever governors attempted to interfere with his methods, but that was of no consequence since he was mutinous to revolt whenever he saw the image of God oppressed, or wronged, or neglected. Nor will I leave him without an allusion to his last great work. I refer to his association with a few other gentlemen, more active in this than he was, whose names I might call if some of them were not present, in organizing, I may say in establishing under the endowment of Clarke that noble institution on the banks of the Connecticut, where the deaf and dumb learn to discern a voice from a mute breath, to catch human language at sight from human lips. I look to that institution with perfect assurance of the greatest results, and I recur not without sensibility to the days when we thought him essential to us in laying its foundations.

Over the tomb of the philanthropist I would not hang out his insignia of the Greek Legion of Honor, nor his

cross of Malta, nor his medal of Prussia. I would instead record there the words of Edmund Burke, applied by him to John Howard and his mission: "He penetrated into the depths of dungeons; he plunged into the infections of hospitals; he surveyed the mansions of sorrow and pain; he took the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; he remembered the forgotten, he attended to the neglected, he visited the forsaken, and he compared and collated the distresses of all men in all countries."

Gov. Rice then said: "It is most appropriate that the Alma Mater of Dr. Howe should send a message to this great assembly, and she has done so by the lips of Dr. Caswell, ex-president of Brown University, whom I have now the honor of presenting to you."

REMARKS OF EX-PRESIDENT CASWELL.

We are here to-day to do honor to the memory of a deceased friend whom the nation and the world honor; to recognize the singular benevolence and skill of one who, if not literally, yet in effect, gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the mute.

I have been requested to take part in these memorial services, and speak of the college life of Dr. Howe. So far back does this carry us, that I suppose I am the only person in this very large assembly who personally knows anything of that college life. There are also now but few living who could be summoned as witnesses. It may be thought, perhaps, that recollections going back more than fifty years would be shadowy and unreliable. But there are some things too deeply fixed in the mind ever to be forgotten. Such are the scenes of student-life. I

proceed, therefore, to perform the task assigned me, in some respects with reluctance, in other respects gladly.

Dr. Howe received his collegiate education in Brown University. He was graduated in the class of 1821. Though a younger man than myself, he graduated one year before me. We were three years together in the university. I knew him well, and esteemed him highly for many marked traits of character. He entered college young. He was a mere stripling, but nature had been generous in giving him an attractive physique. He was of middling height, slender in form, erect, agile, and elastic in his movements. With fine features, a fresh, pink complexion, a keen blue eye, full of purpose and meaning, and of mirth as well, with open, frank, and genial manners, he could not fail to win the kind regards of his youthful companions. He showed mental capabilities which would naturally fit him for fine scholarship. His mind was quick, versatile, and inventive. I do not think he was deficient in logical power, but the severer studies did not seem to be congenial to him. In all practical matters he saw intuitively and at a glance what was the best thing to be done. In any strait or difficulty, or any sudden emergency of danger, if there was any possible way of escape, nobody need inform him what it was. Before anybody else had time to think, his plan was formed.

And here I may as well state that his college life was not altogether a happy one, and was not as productive in the line of good learning as it might have been. He had a full share of general knowledge, without exact scholarship. It was for this reason that I felt some reluctance in speaking upon this subject. But in any fair and comprehensive view of his character, how could this period of his life be omitted? It formed an essential part and parcel of the whole. Without this the picture would be

incomplete. Besides, it strikingly developed some of the mental characteristics which ultimately made him what he was.

In judging of men, we must take into account the original propensities,—the natural tone and temperament of their minds. There is many a punster who could not refrain from a good pun, if he knew he would be indicted for it. In some men wit is spontaneous and irrepressible. It would be as impossible to suppress a good joke, or a keen repartee, as to suppress the law of gravitation. On the contrary, there are many sensible men who never laugh at a joke or a witticism, however brilliant, for the reason that, innocently enough, they see nothing to laugh at. Their perceptions are shut up to plain matters of fact.

Dr. Howe, with a heart as good and generous, as free from malice and evil as any man's,—unless we except those few rare characters who are too good to live in such a world as this,—had, nevertheless, an insatiable fondness for fun and frolic, and a good practical joke. Tricks are proverbial in colleges. And in almost every college there will be some one whose natural endowments, with a little practice, make him an acknowledged leader. Dr. Howe rather belonged to this class. With singular sagacity, he saw every opportunity of producing a sensation, and breaking up the dull routine of college life, and it was no sooner seen than embraced, no matter upon whom the laugh turned, whether upon a classmate or a tutor, or upon the venerable head of the university himself. On such occasions, his invention and expedients and adroitness were matters for study and surprise. He was himself very modest and taciturn with regard to any merit or cleverness of these incidental performances. There was not a particle of brag or swagger about them. His own impression seemed to be that they were merely

common-place affairs, and that anybody else would succeed as well as he.

For some misdemeanors attributed to him, he was once or twice sent into the country,—"rusticated" was the term,—to study a few weeks with some staid minister, who retained some knowledge of the curriculum of college studies. But this temporary exile did not sensibly diminish his resources in this line of amusement. In fact, it rather increased them. The pent-up energies, which it were unseemly to expend upon a plain country minister and his family, found a ready outlet in college. It is certain that the pulsations of college life were quickened by his return from exile.

It will, perhaps, be excusable, even on this occasion, if I give the outline of a single anecdote, which I have more than once heard Dr. Howe relate with graphic effect. It shows the impression which he left behind him. It was some years after Howe had left college, and after he had become widely and favorably known to the public, that he was in Providence attending the annual commencement. He thought he would call on his old president, Dr. Messer, then living in retirement,—*otium cum dignitate*,—and apologize to him for the trouble he had given him while in college, and the many interruptions to his nightly repose,—for, in truth, he bore no malice, and always had a kindly feeling towards the good Doctor. He called, and the venerable instructor of his youth received him with evident marks of distrust, and requested him to be seated, and took a seat himself at a respectful distance. Howe commenced his apology, when the good Doctor, moving his chair a little further back, said, "Howe, I'm afraid of you now. I'm afraid there will be a torpedo under my chair before I know it."

I have several times conversed with Dr. Howe respecting his college life after we had both grown up to mature

manhood. He regretted, of course, the waste of time, and the loss of precious opportunities; but he said, in explanation of his course, that before he had been many months in college, he found that he was suspected of all the mischief there, when, in fact, but a small part of it was his. His honest and truthful statements were set aside and disregarded, and he was made a sort of college scape-goat to bear off the sins of others. Under that state of things, he felt a greater freedom in displaying his skill, and keeping up his reputation, than he could otherwise have justified. He followed the impulse of a fretted man, and not the reasoning of a calm philosopher. In looking at it as a practical case, we cannot help thinking that a little parental advice, a little kindly treatment, and, more than all, a little confidence in his honor and honesty, would have done more to correct his foibles, than all the college censures that could be imposed upon him.

Dr. Howe was highly esteemed by his college associates. His presence was always welcome among them. He had a certain undefinable magnet-power that drew them round him. They were proud of his singular success in an original and untrodden path of benevolence. No one doubted that his extraordinary mental activity, and his large executive capacity, would lead to distinction in some way. But in what way, none could conjecture. Few, probably, anticipated that he would become an eminent philanthropist, and that his life would be nobly given to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate,—of those who, in the providence of God, were deprived of some of the faculties which bless our common humanity.

I may add, that, I believe Dr. Howe was sincerely attached to his Alma Mater. It is only a few years ago that he rendered valuable service on an important com-

mittee of the alumni, appointed to devise some plan by which the great body of the alumni could be brought into closer relation to the university. He believed such a result could not fail to be productive of much benefit to the university. Her success and good name were dear to him. And his own name will stand upon her catalogue as one of her most illustrious sons.

I have already, Mr. Chairman, occupied too much of your time. I close with a single suggestion. I hope that no student of the present day, who reads these remarks, will conclude that college tricks, even though harmless, are the natural stepping-stones to eminent success in life.

Dr. Caswell was followed by ex-Governor Gaston, who said:—

REMARKS OF HON. WILLIAM GASTON.

A long life has ended. The funeral honors have been paid, and the body has been laid to its rest in the grave. A citizen, holding no high official rank, has finished his labor. No pageantry surrounded the funeral service, and no pomp or exciting circumstance has drawn us together to-day; and yet weeks after the event, without the strong emotion which belongs to the early stages of grief, but with quiet affection, and with deliberate judgment and speech, we have come here to express our profound respect and veneration for the character and memory of one whose ambition was to lead an honest, earnest, and useful life. Such an event, under such circumstances, is a rare one, and is, I think, an honor to the dead and to the living. Such an event is in itself a eulogy.

Men's evil manners may "live in brass," but their virtues we do not always "write in water." Good deeds

may, like the stars set in the firmament, shed forth their tranquil light forever.

It is well for us for a while to leave the struggles and the conflicts in which we daily engage, and to contemplate the simple grandeur of a life spent in works of benevolence of charity and of love; and while we may not add to the greatness of an assured fame, we may be able to go forth from our service with increased strength and with large charity in ourselves.

But the purpose of this meeting needs no commendation. It carries with it its own justification and even praise. I have been requested to speak of Dr. Howe's labors in connection with the splendid charities of the great Commonwealth which you, Mr. President, represent. They were great and varied, but I shall not attempt to describe them, for the time allotted me is insufficient for their recital. The witnesses to them are a thousand, and they need not the aid of speech or of praise.

Of the ability and culture which accomplished such splendid results, I need not speak. Besides great ability, there are two things which make men strong. Dr. Howe had them both. An intelligent conscience, and the quiet courage to obey it. True courage is not noisy. It does not find its expression in defiant manner or vapory speech, but it does consist in a quiet determination to do right because it is right, and in travelling in a straight, though unpopular, pathway.

With such a conscience and with such a courage, Dr. Howe entered the field which lay before him. He sowed the seed, and we all rejoice to know that he lived to see the harvest. His life was not without its conflicts, but the battle has been fought and the victory won.

> "This is the happy warrior: this is he
> Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes then recited a poem in memory of Dr. Howe :—

DR. HOLMES'S POEM.

A Memorial Tribute.

I.

Leader of armies, Israel's God,
  Thy soldier's fight is won!
Master, whose lowly path he trod,
  Thy servant's work is done!

No voice is heard from Sinai's steep
  Our wandering feet to guide;
From Horeb's rock no waters leap,
  No Jordan's waves divide;

No prophet cleaves our western sky
  On wheels of whirling fire;
No shepherds hear the song on high
  Of heaven's angelic choir.

Yet here as to the patriarch's tent
  God's angel comes a guest;
He comes on Heaven's high errand sent,
  In earth's poor raiment drest.

We see no halo round his brow
  Till love its own recalls,
And like a leaf that quits the bough,
  The mortal vesture falls.

In autumn's chill declining day,
  Ere winter's killing frost,
The message came; so passed away
  The friend our earth has lost.

Still, Father, in thy love we trust;
Forgive us if we mourn
The saddening hour that laid in dust
His robe of flesh outworn.

II.

How long the wreck-strewn journey seems
To reach the far-off past
That woke his youth from peaceful dreams
With Freedom's trumpet-blast!

Along her classic hillsides rung
The Paynim's battle-cry,
And like a red-cross knight he sprung
For her to live or die.

No trustier service claimed the wreath
For Sparta's bravest son;
No truer soldier sleeps beneath
The mound of Marathon;

Yet not for him the warrior's grave
In front of angry foes;
To lift, to shield, to help, to save,
The holier task he chose.

He touched the eyelids of the blind,
And lo! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind
He led the light of dawn.

He asked not whence the fountains roll
No traveller's foot has found,
But mapped the desert of the soul
Untracked by sight or sound.

What prayers have reached the sapphire throne,
By silent fingers spelt,
For him who first through depths unknown
His doubtful pathway felt.

Who sought the slumbering sense that lay
  Close shut with bolt and bar,
And showed awakening thought the ray
  Of reason's morning star!

Where'er he moved, his shadowy form
  The sightless orbs would seek,
And smiles of welcome light and warm
  The lips that could not speak.

No labored line, no sculptor's art,
  Such hallowed memory needs;
His tablet is the human heart,
  His record loving deeds.

III.

The rest that earth denied is thine,—
  Ah, is it rest? we ask,
Or, traced by knowledge more divine,
  Some larger, nobler task?

Had but those boundless fields of blue
  One darkened sphere like this;
But what has heaven for thee to do
  In realms of perfect bliss?

No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,
  No rugged path to smooth,
No struggling soul to help and cheer,
  No mortal grief to soothe!

Enough; is there a world of love,
  No more we ask to know;
The hand will guide thy ways above
  That shaped thy task below.

ADDRESS BY REV. F. H. HEDGE, D. D.

I am happy to add my individual tribute to the public commemoration of a great and good man. I say, advisedly, a *great* man, for moral greatness, in my estimation, is immeasurably more than any form of intellectual superiority. Intellectual greatness is an accident of the brain which some counter-accident may at any time neutralize, and which the accident of death must finally explode. But moral greatness belongs to that which is most interior and indestructible,—the man of the man, the *will;* the one thing in us which survives when genius has gone to the worms, and learning and eloquence have turned to dust.

I have been anticipated in saying that my idea of Dr. Howe is best expressed by the word chivalry. There are certain accidental romantic associations connected with that word which have nothing to do with the essence of the thing it stands for. When Burke pronounced his famous dictum, that "the age of chivalry has passed," he mistook, it seems to me, the form for the substance, and did great injustice to his own time. There was as much chivalry in the eighteenth century as in the twelfth or thirteenth. John Howard, whom Burke himself eulogized in his speech to the electors at Bristol as the man who traversed Europe, "not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infections of hospitals, to take the gauge of misery, depression, and contempt,"—Howard was as true a knight as Tancred or Louis IX. The essence of chivalry consists in devotion to the cause of the weak and oppressed; and of that devotion Dr. Howe was our most illustrious example.

In 1821, the year in which he took his collegiate degree, the Christian world was electrified with the intelligence that Greece, the birth-land of the humanities, long prostrate beneath the rod of the Scythian usurper; that Greece, which for four centuries had ceased to be anything more than what Prince Metternich called Italy, "a geographical expression," had turned on her oppressor, and was struggling to regain her independence. Greek youths had been studying in German universities, and had there learned of the glories of their ancestry, and caught from Gothic lips the old Hellenic fire. A Greek scholar and bishop had raised the standard of revolt in the Morea, and all along the glorious Peninsula, from Corinth to Athens, and from Athens to Olympus, the whisper ran "that Greece might still be free," and the resolution was formed that free she should be, if resistance unto death could make her so. In Western and Middle Europe, and especially in Germany, the event awakened among scholars and lovers of liberty an intense sympathy with the struggling patriots. A Leipzig professor published a pamphlet, entitled "The Cause of Greece the Cause of Europe," and many were ready for a new crusade against the Mussulman. But Austria, traditionally bound to side with despotism, frowned ominously on every movement in favor of the insurgents, and "Christendom's chivalrous lances" were not "stretched in their aid." On the contrary, the vessels from Christian ports, one of them from this city, were freighted with supplies for their enemies. Still, as the struggle proceeded, and occasional success had shown their cause to be not utterly desperate, individuals of other nations took arms in their behalf. Notably, Lord Byron, chief of English philhellenes, threw his sword into the scale of their doubtful fortunes, and on the soil which his grandest strains had celebrated sought, as he said,—

"Less often sought than found,
A soldier's grave."

In the year when that grave was found, when Grecian earth had received what was mortal of the mighty poet, in 1824, Dr. Howe, having finished his preparatory medical studies, offered his services to the patriot army.

It is characteristic of the man, that he did not offer them before, that he waited three years before undertaking the perilous mission. Had his chivalry been merely a flash of romantic sentiment, such as often fires the heart of youth, he might have rushed to the scene of the conflict as soon as the tidings reached him that such a nation was in arms for such a cause. Had he done so, his going would have been of comparatively little use. A single sword, a boy's life, worth something, no doubt, but hardly sufficient to justify so great a sacrifice.

Dr. Howe's philanthropy was of a more deliberate, practical kind. He waited till he had something more to offer than muscle and blood; to wit, his knowledge, his science, his professional skill. He then gave his services as army surgeon to the Greeks, thus contributing what was most needful, and rendering in that capacity more effective aid with the lancet than he could have done with the sword.

This deliberation, this practical wisdom, was characteristic of the man. His enthusiasm was no blazing *fiasco*, soon kindled, soon spent, but that interior heat, that steady, enduring force that bides its time; that knows when to refrain and when to strike, and never strikes in vain.

My first impression of Dr. Howe, whom I had known only by report, and never met until the greatest of his works had been accomplished, was that of a man who was singularly devoid of all appearance of enthusiasm.

I was struck with the absence of superficial fervor and gushing demonstration. He was never the hero of his own tale. I have talked with him, often and long, and should never have guessed from anything that fell from his lips that he had ever seen Greece, or lain in a Prussian prison cell, or penetrated the three-barred gate of Laura Bridgman's soul.

Another peculiarity of his enthusiasm was the liberality, the tolerance, that accompanied it. And this I believe to be one of the rarest of moral phenomena, the combination of philanthropic enthusiasm and a tolerant spirit. Excepting him only, I have never known a philanthropist,—I mean an active, reforming philanthropist,—who was also a fair-minded, tolerant man. Many excellent, devoted, self-sacrificing men I have known of that vocation, men to rejoice in and thank God for; but they all had this taint of intolerance. Not content with strenuous advocacy of their own pet charity, not content with active service in that cause, they insisted that you should tread their narrow path, should merge yourself in their one idea, and reviled all who differed from them as to time and method, when even agreed as to ends. Advocates of temperance I have known who reeled and staggered and wanted to intoxicate you with their heady politics; champions of abolition I have known who wanted to fasten the yoke of their method on your neck; and even apostles of non-resistance who handled their olive-branch as if it were a war-club. Dr. Howe was not of that line. He was that exceptional character, a tolerant enthusiast, a fair advocate of a righteous cause.

Of his efforts in behalf of the Poles, of later services rendered to the people of Crete, I shall not undertake, within the limits allowed me, to speak; nor yet of his last public work, the mission to San Domingo, in which,

"as terribly painful and depressing to my moral nature," he adds, "Mrs. Howe proved a devoted nurse and tender wife, and displayed more patience, watchfulness, and kindness than I supposed she could do." It may seem an invasion of the sacred precincts of private life to speak thus of one—

> "Who like a jewel hung for thirty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
> Of one who loved him with that excellence
> Which angels love good men with."

In a letter from him in, 1874, he said: "Greater sorrow is not given man to suffer, than that for the untimely death of a child, and the death of a son is probably more keenly felt by us fathers than any other. Up to this day, the death of my youngest boy comes over me like a fresh pang, and I go away and weep alone."

At my last visit to him, two days before he was struck down, I found him in extreme suffering. Soon after I went in, he said with great gravity and emphasis, "I shall not live to the end of this month." I laughed it away; but yet, may it not have been one of those mysterious shadows which coming events sometimes surely cast before? During the interview, he charged me with most affectionate messages to my family, repeating them as though under the same premonition. As I rose to leave, he followed me into the hall, threw his arm around my neck, and with a beautiful smile said, "My dear old fellow, let me kiss you," and gave me a warm kiss. Within two days the thick curtain fell.

I should fail to do justice to this phase of Dr. Howe's character, if I did not make some reference to his religious opinions. I should say generally what is true of most of the noble men I have known, that he had no religion to speak of. For all dogmas and cant and mere profession, he felt and expressed supreme contempt. But for all

earnest convictions, however differing from his own, the largest charity; and for practical life in the steps of the Divine Master, unbounded reverence. Upon the great problems of life, death, and immortality, he looked with anxiety and awe, but with humble hope and trust. In a letter of his, before quoted, he says: "O for the soothing and blessed hope of reunion beyond the grave. Why cannot we two mourning fathers enjoy this full faith and assurance without the damning doubt? I vainly hope against hope, and cling desperately to the best reason in favor of immortality,—the existence within us all of—

> 'This pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after immortality.'

Can God have created it within our hearts merely to cheat and disappoint us? No! Let us, then, hope for reunion of the loved and lost ones."

If impressions unfavorable to Dr. Howe's religious nature should be formed from these unreserved expressions of his in regard to the questions which more or less disturb all thoughtful minds, I appeal to a life full of heroic Christian virtues. I appeal also to his daily life among the unfortunate objects of his care. During his whole connection with the Institution for the Blind, he conducted personally every morning, when his health permitted, the religious exercises in the chapel of the Institution. He, if ever man, deserved the blessing of our Great Exemplar, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Surely he could confidently commit the keeping of his soul to his Heavenly Father in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator.

Dr. Howe's circle of acquaintances was very large. For more than a quarter of a century his quiet back office in Bromfield Street was the resort not only of sufferers

and the friends of sufferers from "every ill that flesh is heir to," but of the noble men and women of Massachusetts and the world. There were originated, discussed, and put into the way of execution most of the philanthropic enterprises that had for their object the amelioration of the woes or redress of the wrongs of humanity, and which in their operation have been an honor to Massachusetts and a blessing to the world. Of friends in the true sense of the word to whom he gave his full trust and confidence, he had, I think, but few.

> "But those he had, and their adoption tried,
> He grappled to his soul with hoops of steel."

And all such, the longer they knew him, were more and more impressed with his fidelity to his convictions of truth and duty, his single-hearted consecration to the welfare of others, and his rare self-forgetfulness,—I do not mean unselfishness merely, but an entire unconsciousness of any special services he had rendered or could render to the world.

I never knew him hardly to refer to, certainly never voluntarily to relate, any of the heroic or benevolent deeds of his life. When with him during his periods of suffering, I sometimes tried to divert him, by referring to some of the stirring incidents of the past; and only last summer I thus induced him to describe his expedition in aid of the Polish refugees in the presence of one of his daughters, who, I think, heard it then for the first time from his own lips. Of all the great and good men whom I have known, John A. Andrew was the only one who seemed so unconscious that his own agency was of the slightest importance to the work in which he was engaged; and yet both devoted themselves to their work with as much earnestness and zeal as if they felt that the result

depended entirely upon their own personal efforts. Duty was theirs; results were with God.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

Mann, Parker, Andrew, Sumner, Howe! When has been granted to one generation the inspiration of five such men? To the age which they lighted up and led, each has left an imperishable record "of noble ends by noble means attained." To us who knew and loved them, they have left precious memories and immortal hopes.

Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., next recited his poem.

MR. BROOKS'S POEM.

At evening, in an Alpine vale,
I watched the mountain summits' white
Flame rosy red, then slowly pale
Before the deepening shades of night.

When, from the waning face of day
The last faint shadow of a flush
Behind the mountains died away,
There fell a momentary hush.

Then suddenly a thrill of awe
Rang through the silent vale—for lo!
That spectral mountain-chain I saw
Lit with a preternatural glow;

As if, behind that wall of snow,
The sunken sun were shining through,
And smiling to the world below
One more last heavenly adieu!

Who that has seen those evening shows
  Their look and voice can e'er forget?
Can the pure world that then arose
  On the soul's vision ever set?

Though death's pale mountains hide the sun
  Of noble lives from mortal eyes,
Oh, deem not then *their* day is done!
  They sank in higher heavens to rise!

As through life's twilight vale we go,
  Time's pilgrims in this earthly land,
Transpierced by that undying glow,
  How bright those shadowy mountains stand!

The boundary-hills are they that rise
  And, looking on our earthly night,
Veil and reveal to mortal eyes
  The land of everlasting light.

Nay, guardian shades of mighty dead,
  A cloud of witnesses for God
Are they that watch the road we tread
  Which their ascending spirits trod.

A cloud of shining ones—a band
  Arrayed in raiment white as snow,
Transfiguring all this evening land
  With a prophetic morning-glow.

Such bright and blessed visions cheer
  Our hearts, who here love's tribute pay;
Through memory's sunset clouds shine clear,
  Red omens of a heavenly day!

Peace from the soul's bright track comes down
  Like evening starlight on the vale;
We see the victor's starry crown,
  And say, Farewell! Farewell and Hail!

We feel a void which none can fill
  But He who filled that soul with light;
In Him we know it lives, and still
  Shall work e'en here with kindling might.

"The spirit of the Lord"—so spake
His genius—"hath anointed me
With power the prison-doors to break,
And set the darkened captives free."

So speaks the record of a life
Whose breath was freedom, love, and truth;
That kept in manhood's toil and strife
The freshness and the fire of youth.

True follower of the Son of Man,
The Captain of Salvation,—he
Fought ever foremost in the van,
Battling for light and liberty.

But chiefly in the field,—how blest!
Where Genius works with Goodness,—where
Peace hath her victories,—with zest
Of tireless love, he labored there.

He gave—with what a keen delight!—
Eyes to the *fingers* of the blind,
To *feel* their way with inner light
Along the sunny hills of mind.

And as a pilgrim of the night,
Groping his darksome way forlorn,
Shows on his kindling cheeks the light
Reflected from the breaking morn,—

So, as along the raised highway
Their eager fingers hurried on,
How o'er each sightless face the ray
Of joy—an inner sunrise—shone!

Nay, was there one who seemed by fate
Cut off from converse with her kind,
Death's liberating hand to wait
In threefold walls—deaf, dumb, and blind,—

E'en there his patient love could find,
By the fine thread of touch, a way
To guide the groping, struggling mind
From its dark labyrinth into day.

All these now mourn for him, as they
That sorrow when a father dies;
A deeper shadow clouds *their* day,
A sun has vanished from their skies!

For now his eyes are sealed!—but when
They meet him in the home on high,
The shepherd and his flock shall then
See face to face and eye to eye.

Mr. Brooks was followed by Mr. Hale, who spoke of Dr. Howe in his relations to Boston, the city of his birth, affection, and life-long residence.

REMARKS OF REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

It is such music as that, Mr. Chairman (referring to music which had just been sung by pupils in the Perkins Institution for the Blind), it is such harmonies and melodies as these, that are the true offering on this occasion; that make this an age that one is grateful that he was born in, and makes this a town that he is proud that he lives in.

We are here coming and going, and looking back into the histories and celebrating these centennial events, as we have noticed the 19th of April and the 17th of June, and as we are going to celebrate the 17th of March. But what was the good of these victories one hundred years ago, if there had come after them no Boston of which we were proud, and no century which we should look back upon gratefully? Do you remember, ladies and gentlemen,—does it occur to you to think, while we are celebrating these events, while we are going back to memories of the Port Act, while we are recalling the Declaration of Independence,—does it occur to you to think that there are large circles in the civilized world, that there are large bodies of men and women, as cultivated as you are, who never heard of the destruction

of the tea, who know nothing of the name of Bunker Hill, who are perfectly careless of these local events in your history; to whom the distinction of Boston is that Boston is, for instance, the place that Agassiz chose for his home, that it is the place whose hospitals first tested the invention of ether, and, most of all, that it is the place where the great secrets of mind and heart and soul were made clear, when light was given to the eyes of Laura Bridgman, and, shall I not say, a voice to her tongue? She sits here the silent orator of this occasion. Can I not say that it is he who first gave to her the power to look out upon this fitly cheerful audience, to see these beautiful lilies,—that it is he who first taught those ears to listen to these stumbling words of our gratitude,—that it is he who speaks through her to-day?

I hope there is some young man,—I hope there is some young woman, who hears me, who may be tempted by the sight of that face, who may be tempted by the sound of this music, to ask whether there is not better ambition and better success before men and women than the success of fashion or the ambition of wealth and of power. And, boys and girls, and men and women, that is the lesson that he is teaching you from these still lips of his to-day, and that he will be teaching you, year after year and century after century, when other reputations have died away, and only such reputations as his remain,—the reputations of faith and hope and love, which abide and continue forever.

This is the man who, through the course of his life, which has been so well described to you,—this is the man, let me say it seriously, who redeemed that word "philanthropist" from the scorn which was falling upon it, and which I have half a right to say it deserved. The impression that the word philanthropist gives even now, in half the civilized world, is of a person with long hair,

who talks of something about which he knows nothing. And this man, with his practical ability, with his knowledge of men, with this catholicity of which Dr. Hedge has spoken so well, able to use everybody just as far as his purpose went, perfectly unmindful of reputation,—he made himself of no reputation,—he took upon himself the form of a servant,—this man has redeemed that word of words from such base sneers, and placed it where it belongs. If he led every man and woman, sooner or later, to take his view of any one of our charitable systems, it was because he did not speak and act without studying to the bottom the whole subject he dealt with. He would study both sides, and make himself its master. Men had to lead where such a man directed.

I am old enough to remember, and I see many persons who are old enough to remember, the stimulus which he gave to this whole community in that first great movement which has been so well described by Governor Bullock, which was, I say, the first, and, because the first, I may well say the noblest, of our great public institutions of charity—the Perkins Institution for the Blind. It is worth remembering and going back to, the droll way in which, as if by magic, all the classes in the community were called up together to act together, all of them shoulder to shoulder, all of them side by side, touching elbows, as the soldiers say, determined that this thing should be done,—people who had never moved together before, who did not know each other, and who did not know they could unite till he united them.

And that was an illustration of the manner in which he was used to work,—always afterward so identified with the fair fame of this city of ours, starting into action people who did not know they could do anything in this cause, but who at his side found they were also poets and enthusiasts and leaders. His entire indifference to

his own personal reputation was so great, as has been suggested here, and the simple way in which he performed the work that he had to do was such, that I really believe half of this audience,—loving him as you do, and sympathizing with him as you do,—I believe that half the people here have no adequate idea of what was the daily work and the daily duty of this great man. Let me speak for a single moment only of his work, at the head (as he was for so many years) of the Board of State Charities.

There are not half the people to whom I am speaking who know what the Board of State Charities is, and what it does. When Governor Andrew called him to that Board, almost immediately he took his place as the leader, the Chairman, and many of its valuable reports came to us from his pen. In the first of these he wrote down the eight principles for public charities,—eight simple rules which should be written in letters of gold over every bureau of relief, over every board of charities and eleemosynary institution. There was in them that which met the demands of a great organization; there was in them that which turned men from what would lead them to run in ruts; there was in them that which met the dangers which tend to make us build up institutions and forget why we built them up, which make us build great hospitals, forgetful of the sick, and make great organizations for the relief of the poor, forgetful of the poor who are to be relieved.

These eight great rules of his will be perhaps inscribed upon his monument; if not inscribed there, they will be handed down from generation to generation by active and practical men as an illustration of the way in which it has happened that in ten years of the *régime* of that Board, led as he knew how to lead it, the pauperism of Massachusetts has steadily decreased, while the popula-

tion of Massachusetts has steadily enlarged. A victory which has been won, I think, nowhere else in this world of God.

They say of an agriculturist who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, that he called another England out of the deep, so many happy homes and so many cheerful lives. But think how much greater a victory to have called from the very depths of the unknown, to have called from the desert of mind,—from the desert of the impossible,—as all but men of genius would say,—so many self-supporting men, so many who would else have been exiled or sunk back in the mere companionship of their homes,—to have called from the village poor-houses those whose names were legion, they were so many, so that to-day they sit clothed and happy in possession of their own right minds; for nearly fifty years of such work to have been calling up from the very depths of misery those who sit before you to-day so cheerful and happy and strong in their ability to meet life, with all the rights of promotion before them, as are these whom you are so fortunate as to look upon and to hear to-day.

Well, people wonder how one man brings so much to pass. Of course we do not mean this man stepped out alone, and was unattended,—a Hercules who had so many labors to go through. We know perfectly well that he acted, and knew he acted, in the course of that infinite and blessed Providence which means that this world shall always be better to-day than it was yesterday. In the providence of that God, to whom modern criticism has given the name of the "Power that always works for righteousness,"—in the providence of that power which always works for righteousness, he entered in and determined that he would work with God, and not against him; he would work with all those children of God who

consecrated themselves in such endeavor. And may I not say here, he had that great alliance of that noble woman among women, who, in all the study of the rights of woman, knew that the first right of woman is to share in every quiver of her husband's work, and enjoy through life, without dividing, every leaf of his laurels.

I think we have all been glad, I think nobody that knew him could but have been glad, that this afternoon has been so cheerful; that the sun has shone in above us, and that we have been not disinclined even to laughter as we sat here. He smiles with us as we meet together here; he enjoys this cheerfulness as he always enjoyed it. The victory he looked for was not one to be clothed in mourning. He would be as grateful as we are, that there are no artificial signs of manufactured sorrow in or upon these walls. Let us hope that we have seen them there for the last time. He knew, as well as we know, that this Christian civilization of Massachusetts is always on trial; he knew, as well as we know, that it is to be tried, as everything else is to be tried, by its fruits. "By their fruits shall men know them." Yes, and there are coming up to us to-day from this desert,—from that dark place,—there are coming up to us this messenger and that messenger to inquire about this Christian civilization of ours here, whether it is what was promised, whether it is what was expected. Is this that which should come, or are we to look for another? Yes, and the answer is the same answer that it always is: "Go tell your master the things that you have seen and heard; the blind receive their sight, the deaf receive their ears, the lepers are clothed, yea, even the dead are waked to life, and to the poor the gospel of good tidings, of hope, and joy, is everywhere proclaimed."

You ask for his epitaph. It is a very simple epitaph.

He found idiots chattering, taunted, and ridiculed by each village fool, and he left them cheerful and happy. He found the insane shut up in their wretched cells, miserable, starving, cold, and dying, and he left them happy, hopeful, and brave. He found the blind sitting in darkness, and he left them glad in the sunshine of the love of God.

Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, President of the College for Deaf-Mutes at Washington, and a son of Dr. T. H. Gallaudet, who founded the American Asylum for Deaf-Mutes at Hartford, had been requested to speak concerning Dr. Howe's education of Laura Bridgman. He did so as follows:—

REMARKS OF DR. GALLAUDET.

When we attempt to estimate with precision the work accomplished in the education of Laura Bridgman, we encounter an insurmountable obstacle at the very threshold of our investigations. We cannot by any mental effort divest ourselves, even for a moment, of the accumulated life-time impressions we have received through the avenues which are closed to the blind deaf-mute. We cannot put ourselves in her place; and hence it is as impossible for us who see and hear to form any just conception of even her present *psychical* condition, as it is for her to understand the phenomena of hearing or of vision. And if we go back to the time when she was untaught, "built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound; with her poor, white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckóning to some good man for help that an immortal soul might be awakened," we find the difficulty of comprehending her intellectual and spiritual condition increased. We are forced to acknowledge that we can

only approximate to an understanding of the beginning, progress, and end of her education.

This does not, however, hinder our perceiving that a near approach to the miraculous was made by Dr. Howe when he caused the deeply hidden germ of Laura Bridgman's mind to grow into conscious intelligence, to put forth the leaf of expression, the blossom of original thought, and to yield the rich fruitage of moral accountability.

Dr. Carpenter, in treating of the dependence of mental activity on the senses, says: "If it were possible for a human being to come into the world with a brain perfectly prepared to be the instrument of psychical operations, but with *all* the inlets of sense-impressions closed, we have every reason to believe that the mind would remain dormant, like a seed buried deep in the earth." In such a case as this, nothing less than a miracle, which might open one, at least, of the closed avenues, or an act of creation which should impart a sense other than those given to mankind, could avail to set free the imprisoned mind. And when but a single sense remains, through which the faculty of language may by any possibility be brought into exercise, the results attained surely fall little short of the miraculous.

Dr. Howe's success in this achievement, the most widely heralded, and undoubtedly the most brilliant of his life, was the result of a happy combination of genius and ingenuity. It was genius that convinced him of the feasibility of the undertaking; it was through ingenuity in the application of methods, and in resorting to various devices, that the inspiration of his genius was realized.

Time does not suffer us, on this occasion, to detail the manner of Laura Bridgman's education. It will be interesting, however, to hear in Dr. Howe's own words how the first step was taken.

"I selected short monosyllables, so that the sign which she was to learn might be as simple as possible. I placed before her, on the table, a pen and a pin, and then making her take notice of the fingers of one of my hands, I placed them in the three positions used as signs of the manual alphabet of deaf-mutes for the letters *p-e-n*, and made her feel of them over and over again many times, so that they might be associated together in her mind. I did the same with the pin, and repeated it scores of times. She at last perceived that the signs were complex, and that the middle sign of the one, that is, the *e*, differed from the middle sign of the other, that is, *i*. This was the first step gained. This process was repeated over and over hundreds of times, until finally the association was established in her mind between the sign composed of three signs and expressed by three positions of my fingers and the article itself, so that when I held up the pen to her she would make the complex sign; and when I made the complex sign on my fingers, she would triumphantly pick up the pen and hold it up before me, as much as to say, 'This is what you want.'

"Then the same process was gone over with the pin, until the association in her mind was intimate and complete between the two articles and the complex positions of the fingers. She had thus learned two arbitrary signs, or the names of two different things. She seemed conscious of having understood and done what I wanted, for she smiled, while I exclaimed inwardly and triumphantly, '*Eureka! Eureka!*' I now felt that the first step had been taken successfully, and that this was the only really difficult one, because by continuing the same process by which she had become enabled to distinguish two articles by two arbitrary signs, she could go on and learn to express in signs two thousand, and finally,

the forty and odd thousand signs or words in the English language."

The case of Oliver Caswell, the second blind deaf-mute who came under Dr. Howe's instruction, proved nothing that had not been elicited in the training of his sister in misfortune, beyond the fact that the success in her case did not depend on the unusual intellectual activity she seemed to possess. Caswell's mind was sluggish and his progress less rapid than that of Miss Bridgman, but he reached a level of intellectual and moral development which fully compensated for the labor bestowed, and which was sufficiently high to encourage the teaching of other blind deaf-mutes in our own country as well as in Europe.

And here we are reminded of the indirect results of Dr. Howe's work in the education of Laura Bridgman, these being of much greater importance and benefit to the world at large than the mere disenthralment of a single imprisoned mind. Who can measure the effect of the recital of Laura's thrilling story as an example of success in the face of giant difficulties? Told in all the languages of Christendom, it cannot fail to have stimulated the flagging energies of hundreds of those who must ever strive against obstacles and opposition, the inventors and reformers of the world. And to those who neither invent nor reform, but in whose hands is placed the most important and honorable work society can devolve upon any of its members, that of educating the young,—to the teachers of our day and generation, patient and oftentimes weary sowers of seed and toilers in virgin soil,—the story of the blind deaf-mute comes like a breeze from the mountain-top. As they read of barriers broken down, obstacles surmounted, difficulties overcome by the energy, patience, and ingenuity of him in whose honor we are here assembled, their own discouragements sink into insignifi-

cance, their hearts and hands are cheered and nerved by that subtle but mighty influence of example, than which no power more potent for good or for evil has ever moved mankind.

And if we may thus speak of the encouraging effect of Laura Bridgman's story on instructors in general, what shall we say of its force with those who essay what is, perhaps, the most difficult of all educational tasks, that of imparting to the congenitally deaf the power of vocal utterance?

And this brings us to speak of an important feature of Dr. Howe's life-work, which would probably have never engaged his attention but for the interest excited in deaf-mutes by what he did for those whose misfortunes included more than deaf-mutism. We refer to his labors to secure the establishment of schools for the deaf and dumb, where articulation might be taught. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the proportion of deaf-mutes capable of success in articulation, it is now universally admitted by teachers of the deaf and dumb in this country, that a percentage sufficiently large to warrant the maintenance of special classes and schools can be taught to speak well. And this view is entertained by many who once held the contrary.

In Dr. Howe, the cause of articulation in America had one of its earliest and warmest supporters. It is probably not surpassing the truth to say that, in the absence of his efforts in this direction, the happy results now witnessed at Northampton and in this city would have been postponed, perhaps for many years. Through the medium of official reports as Chairman of the Board of State Charities, through the public press, in private circles, and before legislative committees, Dr. Howe's advocacy of articulation schools in Massachusetts was long continued and earnest. The success attending these endeavors

was hastened by a very interesting circumstance growing out of the instruction of Laura Bridgman, which deserves to be mentioned in this connection.

In the long and sometimes tedious labor of Miss Bridgman's education, extending through a period of twenty years, Dr. Howe had the assistance of several ladies, among whom was Miss Eliza A. Rogers; and it followed as almost a natural consequence, when a younger sister of this lady turned her attention to teaching, that she should be interested in those who needed special training. And so it came about that Miss Harriet B. Rogers, the accomplished Principal of the Clarke Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Northampton, was led to a work the success of which has inscribed her name on the rolls of history as a pioneer in a great and philanthropic cause.

In reviewing that portion of Dr. Howe's life-work, the discussion of which has been allotted to the present speaker, we cannot fail to recognize the existence of that combative disposition which marks other phases of his career. He rejoiced in the presence of difficulties. His spirit rose in the face of opposition. While he was not unwilling to discharge in the line of duty the commonplace, straightforward tasks of life, he was more in his element when antagonistic forces were marshalled against him. Then his soldierly nature manifested itself, and he was not long in becoming master of the situation. In his work for Laura Bridgman, it was the single, hand-to-hand conflict, with the odds greatly against him. And how truly the effort for the establishment of articulating schools for the deaf and dumb in this State was a hard-fought campaign, many who are here present well remember.

Native bards have fitly sung the praises of him who is the subject of our homage. But their words are hardly

more appropriate than are those of one of our mother land, when he asked and answered a question that is in many minds to-day.

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought;
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
And who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness like a man inspired.
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward persevering to the last:
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause."

The closing address was by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had been long associated with Dr. Howe in labors for the anti-slavery cause.

REMARKS OF COLONEL HIGGINSON.

In rising to speak, at this late hour of the afternoon, on the anti-slavery career of our friend, I own myself to be profoundly impressed by the fact that I have to portray Dr. Howe in an aspect quite different from any described by the previous speakers. In all the great services of which others have spoken, he was either sustained by the public sentiment immediately around him, or else was but a little in advance of it. I have to speak of him as he appeared when diametrically opposed to

it, and when he was compelled to become for the time a violator of law even in his own city, that he might be true to liberty. I might hesitate to dwell upon such an attitude of defiance, especially when speaking on a platform occupied by so many governors, but that the time described seems very far away. It was before our Red Sea had been crossed. The war has banished the memories of that period into an inconceivable remoteness; but there were times when truth was called treason, and when a man who spoke it might find a rope round his neck, even in Boston. We must remember that men with ropes round their necks do not always find it easy to be tolerant.

An eminent abolitionist has lately told me that on visiting Dr. Howe soon after his marriage,—which took place in 1843,—Dr. Howe said that in his opinion some movement of actual force would yet have to be made against slavery, and that but for the new duties he had assumed by his marriage, he should very likely undertake some such enterprise himself. His whole anti-slavery career was predicted in those words. They showed him as he was, a perfectly chivalrous spirit, working under the limitations of many duties and cares.

This remark must have been made about 1844. It does not appear that he then enrolled himself in any public way among abolitionists. I do not even find his name in the list of the Massachusetts State Texas Committee, formed in October, 1845; but at the first fugitive-slave case, he stepped at once to the very front. Many here may remember the magnificent meeting held at Faneuil Hall, Sept. 24, 1846, "to consider the recent case of kidnapping on our soil,"—the returning of a nameless slave by a Boston merchant who shall also be nameless here. John Quincy Adams presided at that meeting, he being then in his 80th year, and saying that if he had

but one day to live he would use it to be there. Dr. Howe called the meeting to order, and organized the whole, the letters of invited guests being addressed to him. He also made the opening speech, a speech of which every sentence was a sword-thrust. John A. Andrew, then a young lawyer, read the resolutions; Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, and the two Phillipses, spoke; and a Vigilance Committee of forty was finally chosen, with Dr. Howe for Chairman. That Vigilance Committee, afterward enlarged, continued in existence through all the fugitive-slave period; and the history of Boston will be incomplete until the records of that committee are published.

Dr. Howe was nominated for Congress that same year against Mr. Winthrop; but he was defeated, and his main services lay out of politics. The fugitive-slave period in Massachusetts differed from any revolutionary period before or since in this, that it fell in a time of awkward transition from physical to spiritual weapons; and while the air was full of revolution, almost all the revolutionists were hampered by reverence for law, or else by non-resistance. Almost all the Garrisonian abolitionists were non-combatants on principle; and the voting abolitionists had a controlling desire to keep within the law. Even Theodore Parker, who stood between these two classes, wished people to rescue slaves "with only the arms their mother gave them." The result was, that among all the anti-slavery men in Boston, there were hardly a dozen who had quite made up their minds to fight. Of that small number, it is needless to say that Dr. Howe was one. Six weeks in a Prussian prison were as good as a liberal education in the way of bearing arms.

One of the most remarkable meetings held in Boston, in those days, was one which occurred at the Tremont Temple during the Sims case, April 9, 1851. Horace

Mann consented to preside on condition that the meeting should be pledged to strictly legal measures; but Dr. Howe, who regretted this scrupulousness, planned to have the evening meeting unrestricted. Unluckily the material of the afternoon meeting was by far the more fiery. After one speech in especial, as Dr. Howe afterward said, "the country was at the verge of a revolution," for which, I think, he himself was ready; but the next speaker threw cold water on it, the excitement passed, the evening meeting was tame, and nothing was done. A plan of rescue was afterward formed, but was defeated by putting up a grating at the window of Sims's cell.

Three years later came the Burns affair. During the interval, or part of it, Dr. Howe had been editing the "Commonwealth"; the coalition party had been successful in the State, and the public mind had been a good deal educated. Still, when a meeting of the Vigilance Committee was held, on the day of the riot, May 26, 1854, it was found impossible to collect even twenty names pledged to physical resistance under any single leader, and even after a stirring speech by Dr. Howe, it ended in appointing only an Executive Committee of six men, afterward increased to seven. Napoleon said that there was but one thing worse for an army than a bad general, and that was, two good generals. We had seven! It was worse, in that respect, than Bull Run.

The time has hardly yet come to tell the story of the attempted rescue of Anthony Burns, of which all the printed accounts are thus far incomplete or inaccurate. All that need be said of it, is, that it was one of the best plots that ever failed; and was somewhat carefully planned, considering the shortness of the time and the admitted hopelessness of all other projects. Dr. Howe

was understood to assent to it, but probably misinterpreted it. At any rate, he was on the platform at the farther end of Faneuil Hall,—not provided, as now, with a private entrance; the hall was so crowded, that it was almost impossible to get in or out; the signal agreed upon was not recognized; and though Dr. Howe made the best of his way through the crowd to Court Square, all was over when he arrived. Had he but reached there in time, and got a fair hold upon the beam that broke in the court-house door, it is quite possible that the attack might have succeeded. The United States Marshal said that his force was so taken by surprise, that thirty men could have rescued Burns; and Dr. Howe's personal presence and magnetism ought to have been good for twenty.

After the fugitive-slave cases, the seat of anti-slavery excitement was transferred for a time to Kansas. Before the civil war began, Dr. Howe was (in 1854) one of the original corporators in the Emigrant Aid Society, by which it was hoped to secure that territory peaceably to freedom. Then came a time, in 1856, when that proved impossible, and as you may read in Theodore Parker's letters, "Dr. Howe and others raised $5,000 one day last week to buy Sharpe's rifles." Parties were then organized —still emigrant parties, but armed by the organizing committees—in Boston and Worcester. When the Missouri River was blocked up by the "border ruffians," as they were called, and one of the first parties was turned back, Dr. Howe went to St. Louis to meet them, and to reorganize the scattered forces. Through all that struggle, no Eastern man, save George Stearns,—God bless his memory!—did more to save Kansas to freedom than he. I think the State Kansas Committee was organized at the Blind Asylum office on Bromfield Street. Almost every one who came in or out of that office was blind; but

Dr. Howe's keen sight restored the balance, for he could see beyond the Missouri.

The next anti-slavery milestone was when, in 1858, John Brown came eastward. A keen thinker has said, that every path on earth may lead to the dwelling of a hero; and of course the track was plain enough between John Brown's door and that of Dr. Howe. Few, if any, knew Capt. Brown's plans in full detail; but the project of a slave stampede on a large scale was quite in Dr. Howe's line, and he, with others, entered into it cordially. Then came the betrayal by Hugh Forbes, which so disturbed John Brown's Eastern friends, that his "marching on" was delayed for more than a year; a delay approved neither by Brown himself nor Dr. Howe, but accepted as inevitable by both. After the failure of the Harper's Ferry attempt, Dr. Howe left the United States for a short time,—needlessly, as he afterward thought,—and was afterward examined at Washington before a Congressional Committee, but with no result. There was some difference of opinion among John Brown's friends as to their duty after his death; but Dr. Howe was never much troubled by the necessity of satisfying the consciences of others, if he could only satisfy his own.

A year or more later, I remember him as aiding, in this very hall, and in the neighboring streets, to ward off danger from Wendell Phillips, during a series of riotous days. Again, on the very day after the attack on our troops in Baltimore, he threw himself with his old heartiness into a project formed among us, of taking a hint from John Brown and putting a guerilla party instantly into Virginia, thus saving Washington by kindling a back fire. The steps promptly taken in recruiting troops prevented this project from being carried farther, but it was precisely the scheme to suit Dr.

Howe. His services during the civil war itself, I leave to others.

His anti-slavery life was, in short, that of a man of chivalrous nature, with a constitutional love for freedom and for daring enterprises, taking more interest in action than in mere agitation, and having, moreover, other fields of usefulness which divided his zeal. With a peculiarly direct and thrilling sort of eloquence, and a style of singular condensation and power, abrupt, almost impetuous, —like a sword with no ornament but the dents upon the blade,—he yet knew that the chief end of life is action, and not thought. With all his intellectual accomplishments, he would, as Thoreau said of John Brown, "have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a fallen man."

And a greater than Thoreau has said, in words that have been thrilling through my heart all the afternoon, as illustrative of Dr. Howe, "What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!" The tears of mankind are his, at any rate. While Laura Bridgman's name is remembered, they will never cease to flow. But his noblest laurels spring from this,—and his most heroic example is given in this,—that he was able, in time of need, to stand firm against the opinions of the society by which he was surrounded.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COMMITTEE.

The following letters were sent to the Committee, in response to invitations to take part in the Memorial Services :—

LETTER FROM WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1876.

DEAR SIR :—I cannot attend the meeting to be held in Boston to honor the memory of the late Samuel Gridley Howe; but I gladly avail myself of the opportunity, in answering the invitation of the Committee, to testify the high estimation in which I hold his character and services. If our grief for the departure of an eminent man is to be measured by the good which he was doing while he lived, the death of Dr. Howe should call forth expressions of the deepest sorrow. He was one whose whole life was dedicated to the service of his fellow-men. His detestation of wrong was shown in the part which he took in the successful struggle of the Greeks to throw off the yoke of their barbarian masters. His labors in the education of the blind, which only ceased with his life, will give him an eminent place in the history of what has been done to make amends to that unfortunate class for the deprivation of that sense which brings us the swiftest and most comprehensive notices of the outer world. His place is in that class with which Virgil, by a noble climax, closes his enumeration of the great and good who possess the Elysian fields,—a passage which has been thus translated :—

" Patriots were there in freedom's battle slain,
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain,
Bards worthy him who breathed the poet's mind,
Founders of arts that dignify mankind,

And lovers of our race, whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave."

I am, sir, faithfully yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

Hon. F. W. BIRD, *Chairman of Committee, etc.*

LETTER FROM F. B. SANBORN.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF STATE CHARITIES,
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1876.

Hon. F. W. BIRD, *Chairman of the Howe Memorial Committee.*

DEAR SIR:—You have desired me to say something at the public services to-morrow in memory of our dear and noble old friend, with particular reference to his later connection with the public charities of Massachusetts as Chairman of this Board, under whose general oversight they are. I cannot and ought not to undertake this, yet I may add my word by letter to the many that will be spoken in Dr. Howe's honor. No man esteemed or loved him more, and I was for many years admitted to his confidence and intimacy, and specially so in regard to the public charities.

It may well be considered that his work as Chairman of the Board of State Charities—a place which he held for nine years—was the crowning labor of his public life. He came to it after the civil war was ended, the slaves emancipated, and the institutions for whose upbuilding he had toiled so long, were firmly established, and were instructing the blind and the feeble-minded by the methods which he originated or adopted. He was therefore set free from the absorbing occupations of his youth and manhood, and had something like leisure on his hands. But to him leisure meant only the opportunity for new undertakings, and he therefore accepted readily the posi-

tion for which his friend Governor Andrew designated him late in 1864. In October, 1865, he became, by the choice of his colleagues, Chairman of the Board, and so continued until he declined a reëlection in 1874. He did not finally withdraw from the Board as a member until last June, when he began to give up all his public employments.

The genius of Dr. Howe soon found means to turn the theory and practice of public charity in Massachusetts in new directions, and to convert by gradual changes the existing policy of congregating the poor and the defective in large establishments, into the better and wiser policy of separation. In its full development, the system advocated by him requires the thorough classification and the diffusion among the people, so far as possible, of the exceptional classes with which public charity is compelled to deal. In practice much yet remains to be done, but it would seem that his theory has become the prevailing one, not only in Massachusetts, but elsewhere, and it will no doubt find its complete development hereafter.

Of what was done by Dr. Howe, while Chairman of the Board, to secure the better education of the deaf, I need not speak, for others will do justice to that. In whatever he undertook, and in all the detailed work of the Board, his courage, his enthusiasm, his faith in the future good of mankind, enabled him to overcome obstacles which other men had found insurmountable. Indeed, he used to define obstacles as "things to be overcome," and generally the result justified his definition. Happily combining theory and practice, insight and experience, the seeing eye and the helping hand, he was better fitted than any man of our time to perceive and apply the laws—spiritual no less than economic—

which govern and must amend the administration of public charity in Massachusetts.

Truly your friend,

F. B. SANBORN.

LETTER FROM DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

BOSTON, Jan. 27, 1876.

Messrs. F. W. BIRD and F. B. SANBORN.

GENTLEMEN:—It would be a real pleasure to me to speak of the qualities of our dear friend, Howe, if I could do so extemporaneously, adequately, and in appropriate terms. But that kind of public speech is not easy or natural to me. It is certain that I should mar any meeting I should attend for such a purpose. Heaven forbid that I should do aught that would offend the sensibilities of any one on an occasion like that which you propose to me.

With the exception of Garibaldi, I have always considered Samuel G. Howe as the *manliest* man it has been my fortune to meet in this world. The two are in my regard equal, and very similar in their traits of character. Both have been fearless of any personal danger in the fight; both have been intensely loyal to what they deemed the right; both have been always ready to throw themselves into the front ranks in defence of the weak and down-trodden; both at times impulsive in word and action, often to a fault, yet always commanding the respect even of opponents, because self seemed always subordinated to their ideas of justice and of truth.

Such men redeem our race and lift us all to a higher faith as to what human nature can do and become. When such men die, even comparative strangers have a sense of personal loss.

I know nothing more beautiful in history than the long, constant life of Dr. Howe. So fitted to shine in other spheres, and with tendencies so strong for the battle of life, yet he deliberately turns aside from all those paths which men of his calibre and character of mind most readily choose, and devotes himself for nearly half a century to the unfortunate and outcast. How much he has done for the blind, the deaf, and the poor idiot, we all know and now gladly acknowledge. More than any one else in this century, he has brought these classes of our fellow-men within reach of our sympathy and coöperative action. We acknowledge with gratitude our debt due to him for thus bringing within our reach those who, without his introduction, would have yet remained comparatively unknown and suffering.

Indeed, gentlemen, I wish I could aid you in doing honor to the memory of such a man; but though I shall endeavor to be present at your meeting, I must decline to be there save as a listener.

I remain, very truly yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.